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What the War is Teaching

Merrick Lectures 1916
Ohio Wesleyan University

WHAT THE WAR IS TEACHING

By
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Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle
New York

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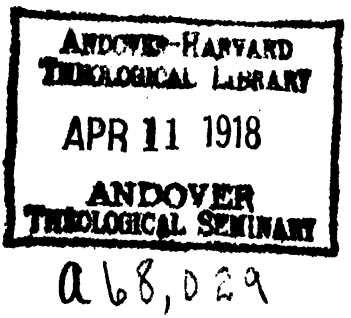

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THE MERRICK LECTURES

By the gift of the late Frederick Merrick, M.D., D.D., LL.D., for fifty-one years a member of the Faculty, and for thirteen of those years President of Ohio Wesleyan University, a fund was established providing an annual income for the purpose of securing lectures within the general field of Experimental and Practical Religion. The following courses have previously been given on this foundation:

The Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D.—Christian Education.

President James McCosh, D.D., LL.D.—Tests of the Various Kinds of Truth.

Bishop Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D.—The Philosophy of Christian Experience.

Professor James Stalker, D.D.—The Preacher and His Models.

The Rev. John W. Butler, D.D.—Mission Work in Mexico.

Professor George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D.—Christ in the Old Testament.

Bishop James W. Bashford, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D.—The Science of Religion.

The Rev. James M. Buckley, D.D., LL.D. —The Natural and Spiritual Orders and Their Relations.

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The Rev. Robert E. Speer, M.A., D.D.— The Marks of a Man; or, The Essentials of Christian Character.

The Rev. Charles Stelzle, M.A.; Miss Jane Addams, M.A.; Commissioner of Labour Charles P. Neill, Ph.D.; Professor Graham Taylor, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. George P. Eckman, D.D.—The Social Application of Religion.

Professor George Jackson, M.A.—Some Old Testament Problems.

Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, D.D. —Christianizing the Social Order.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D.—The Increase of Faith.

Professor G. A. Johnston Ross, M.A.— One Avenue to Faith.

INTRODUCTION

THE world is poor because it has too few prophets. It has many historians; and no one would deny the importance of an accurate statement of the facts both of past and of current history. But if one must distinguish, it is not so important to know the facts as to know the meaning of the facts. Truth is not only greater than fiction but greater than fact. The philosophy of history is more valuable than its chronicles. We need interpreters who can break through the crust of mere events and show us motives, meanings, tendencies, outcomes. And these men are prophets.

The special value of the lectures embodied in this volume arises from the attempt to interpret a situation of world-wide and age-long interest. If we can know what the Great War means in its relation to the plan of God and the progress of men, we shall have gained much as citizens and as Christians. That Dr. Jef-

ferson has penetrated to underlying truth will not be questioned by those who heard or those who may read this moving, dramatic, illuminating discussion of a great theme. Even those who dissent from some of his conclusions will have to reckon seriously with his argument. The unprecedentedly large audiences who listened gave promise of the still larger audience who will now be instructed, stirred, and given a larger faith both in God and in man, a clearer sense of divine power in human history and of the certain coming of the kingdom of justice and peace.

HERBERT WELCH.

DELAWARE, OHIO,

LECTURE I

WHAT WAR IS

LECTURE I

WHAT WAR IS

AN extraordinary conflict is raging, and all the world is looking on. Everybody is gazing, but not everybody sees the same thing. Different persons see different things according to the measure of their knowledge, the depth of their insight, and the keenness of their spiritual discernment. What do you see?

Some see nothing but a spectacle. The war to them is a great sight. It is a huge bonfire lighting up the earth and sky, a solemnizing bonfire it is true, but yet nothing more than a bonfire. A conflagration is fascinating in proportion to its size. This one is extraordinarily thrilling. A continent is on fire. You hear such persons exclaiming: "It is wonderful!"

Some see a tragedy, a gruesome and heartbreaking act in a great world drama. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have

their exits and their entrances," and in the course of a century they play many parts. For forty years the leading nations of Europe have been practising for a great war-tragedy. Billions of dollars were expended on the scenery. Millions of men were drilled in the varied and difficult parts. Numberless dress rehearsals were conducted, and finally, in the year of our Lord 1914, a pistol shot in the streets of Serajevo, gave the signal for the beginning of the play. The curtain went up, and for more than a year and a half the play has gone on, each succeeding scene striking a deeper terror through the heart of the world. To many onlookers the war is a vast tragedy to be cried over and shuddered at. You can hear them saying: "O, it is horrible!"

To others it is a social phenomenon to be studied scientifically. Thousands of observers stand with notebook in hand, studying the interesting experiment, and industriously recording their comments and conclusions. For years the war colleges have been discussing the comparative merits of different styles of instruments of slaughter. Fierce controversies

have raged among the experts concerning the methods of waging successful war on land and sea, and now the instruments are being tried, the methods are being put to the test, and the disputed points are being settled. The military and naval experts and critics are making scientific observations. Just as the sociologist studies alcoholism and tuberculosis and poverty, so do these observers study war, gathering information for the world's guidance when war shall come again. The exclamation on the lips of these students is: "How interesting!"

But is it not possible to look upon this war as a medium of revelation, an organ of the divine mind, a means of communicating the character and purpose of the Eternal to mankind? Why not consider it a Bible, a text book for the instruction of humanity in spiritual things? Let us study it reverently, soberly, and in the fear of God. If the Almighty ever speaks to us through human experience, certainly he is speaking to us now.

WAR AS NEW.

This is the Hebrew way of looking at things. It was a cardinal conviction of the Hebrew mind that God spake to the world

through historic events. Human experience is the organ through which He makes his will known. Outside of Palestine men tried to find the will of God, sometimes in dreams, sometimes in the flight of birds, sometimes in the entrails of animals, sometimes in the movements of the stars. But in the Holy Land, men sought traces of the divine purpose in the ongoings and developments of national life. To the Hebrew mind events were flashes of the divine intention, experiences were words of the Eternal. The favourite expression on the lips of the men who wrote the Bible is, "and it came to pass." The prophets never grew weary of unrolling the past before the eyes of their countrymen. "See what Jehovah has done," they cried, as they told the story of the things which had happened. It was in the experiences through which Israel had passed, that God had caused His character to be known, and in her triumphs and defeats, her sufferings and joys, her humiliations and agonies and captivities and deliverances that his purpose had been disclosed. The work of the Hebrew prophet then was to interpret social phenomena. He seized upon historic

or current events and out of these he extracted the word of God. To a seer God was always speaking, and his voice came through the things that were happening.

That is the view of the Old Testament, and it is the view of the New Testament also. The New Testament writers contend that God is always speaking, and that He who has an ear to hear can understand what is being said. In the book of the Revelation there comes again and again like a solemn and searching refrain: "He that hath an ear let him hear what the spirit is saying unto the churches." Those words always occur at the end of a paragraph which is descriptive of the church's condition. The writer tells us what the church is experiencing, he portrays in vivid speech the church's character and doings, after which he says: "Now hear what the Spirit is saying." We catch God's message through the things which we suffer.

And so I wish to think with you about the war as though it were a book, a text book, more valuable and informing than any other text book you can take just now in your hands; a sacred book, a Bible on whose pages is written in blood and tears

a flaming message from the King of Kings. Do not say as certain weak and sentimental people do—"O the war is too horrible to think about! Let us think about something else." Such an attitude would be excusable if the war were only a series of physical experiences, sound and fury, signifying nothing. But if it be true that God speaks to us through human experience, then as this is the most vivid, searching, and agonizing experience through which our race has ever been called to pass, shame on us if we run away, covering our eyes and stopping our ears, crying out—"O let us think of something comfortable and pleasant!"

Look, O Americans! What do you see? Moses looked upon a bush afire and saw God. Look upon a continent ablaze, and behold your Creator. Listen, O Americans! What do you hear? Out of the whirlwind Job heard God. Out of this twentieth-century whirlwind, the fiercest and most destructive whirlwind that ever tore its wild way across our planet, comes a voice which he who hath an ear to hear will not miss. Keep silence, and listen to what the Lord God Omnipotent is saying to mankind.

Accepting the war, then, as a Spiritual teacher, let us gather up a few of the many lessons which it is teaching. First in the list, I should place this: "What war is." It is difficult to know what war is. If you go to the dictionary for a definition of it you come away disappointed. All the definitions are pallid and ineffectual things, and convey no meaning to the heart. None of the elemental things can be crammed into the narrow limits of a definition. Who can define light, or music, or life, or love? No one. These are known only through experience. Who can define war? No one. It defies the most clever and ingenious of the dictionary makers.

To whom then shall we go? Not to the artists, for they have constantly hidden from us the nature of war. They have deceived us. They have put on war shining robes. They have embellished it, and given it a glamour and a glory which it does not possess. They have made it something romantic, and poetic, and appealingly picturesque. They have tricked us by playing on the imagination. All of the artists have combined to work this deception. The sculptor has carved the warrior out of the

whitest of the marble, the painter has put him at the centre of his canvas, the architect has thrown over him the greatest of his arches, the composer has written for him the most stirring of his marches, the poet has glorified him in the stateliest of his verses, the orator has extolled him in the most eloquent of his periods, art has thrown over war's bloody shoulders a purple and spangled robe. You cannot learn from the worshippers of beauty what war is.

Nor can the historians tell you. They are interested primarily in the causes of war, and in the results of war. They keep the eyes fixed upon the brilliant chieftain who marches at the head of the army, now Alexander, now Cæsar, now Napoleon. They turn your attention away from the rotting corpses of the nameless dead. Moreover, they compel you to look at battle through the transfiguring mists of vanished years. They write of men turned to dust generations or centuries ago. The sufferings of these men are ended. Their tortures and agony are shadows of the dim long ago. No one can know what war is from rhetorical descriptions of carnage

which took place a hundred or a thousand years before he was born. Men who have been dust for centuries make slight appeal to the heart. Their sufferings do not move us, their agonies do not lacerate us. Their groans do not reach us. Time takes away the smell of the blood, and causes flowers to blossom in the desert which war made. The historian lays before us only the picturesque and thrilling features of war. Even when he portrays its horrors, they are nothing more than painted fire. They do not burn us. No one can learn what war is from a war fought in any other generation than his own. To know what war really is, we must feel it, it must scorch us, it must tear our heart strings, and to do this it must take place before our eyes, it must mangle and torture the generation of which we are a part. Never go to the historians to find what war is.

Do not go to the men who are simply getting ready for war. They will mesmerize you by laying before you war's pomp and circumstance. They will not give you the faintest idea of what war is. Military preparedness makes use of embroidered veils, and with these the visage of

war is covered over. The god of war is an arch deceiver. First of all he uses music. Martial music is full of notes which set the corpuscles dancing. Where is the man or woman who does not thrill under the magical notes of fife and drum? But this is the music of military preparedness. It is not the music of war. The music of war is the groans of men, and the sobs of women, and the piteous cries of little children whose fathers will never come home again. The god of war makes use of colour. He flaunts all the colours which the eye most revels in—gold and scarlet and purple. See what a play of colour in yonder military procession! The black nodding plumes, the golden epaulettes, and the golden braid, and the brass buttons, the glittering bayonets—every bayonet catching the sunbeam and tossing it into the eye—the decorated scabbards, the gorgeous trappings of the horses, the scintillating spurs—a wealth of colours woven together into a tissue of loveliness and flung over the eye. But these are not the colours of war. They are the colours of military preparedness. The colours of war are the hues of mud and

grime and filth, the tints of pus and gangrene and clotted blood, the flush of cheeks which are hot with the delirium of pain, and the pallor of faces which are cold in death. Those are the colours of war!

The god of war loves the magic of motion. He plays on the mind by the beauty of rhythmic movement. The monotonous tread of marching feet, the swing and sweep of masses of men obedient to a bugle call, the changing formations wrought as if by magic in the wheeling battalions, the organized movement of disciplined ranks of uniformed men, all swinging round the pivot of a single will, this makes the eye glisten and the heart beat. But this is not the procession of war. It is the procession of military preparedness. The procession of war is made up of the scarred and mutilated and mangled wrecks of men. Some of them with an eye out, others with both eyes out; some with an arm off, others with both legs off; some with a nose shot away, others with a jaw torn away, others with an ear missing, others paralyzed and palsied; some led by their children, others hobbling on crutches, others carried on litters, no rhythm, no harmony, no beauty

—that is the procession of war! Do not go to the high priests of military preparedness if you wish to learn what war is.

And beware of the philosophers who have never studied in the school of Christ. The world has never known what war really is because of the sophistries of a false philosophy. Art, military preparedness, and philosophy, these three are the great apologists for war, and until we tear away the masks with which they cover the face of war, we shall never know what war is.

The Philosophers tell us that war is inevitable, it is a biological necessity, an ineradicable feature of the present world order. The man who says that is a dangerous guide. He is blind, and certain to lead all who follow him into a ditch. War is not like a thunderbolt, or a volcanic eruption, or a tidal wave. These things are inevitable, physical necessities, unchangeable features of the material world. They are not originated by man, and lie beyond human control. War is man made. Man creates war. War comes out of the heart. If man begins war, man can end it. It is his duty to end it. God holds him respon-

sible for not ending it. The man who says that all wars are fated has not escaped the old Greek notion of Fate. He is thousands of years behind the times. Men are free, and they can end war when they will.

When it is said that you cannot change human nature, and that, therefore, wars must occur forever, you are listening to a philosophy which is false. It is not true that human nature cannot be changed, for if it cannot be changed, then there is little use for our schools and churches. But it is not necessary to change human nature in order to abolish war. War will be abolished just as soon as men change their views about it. Slavery was once universal. All the wisest men of antiquity believed slavery was essential to a well ordered state. By and by they changed their mind. Slavery is gone, but human nature remains what it was.

Men and women were once killed by the thousands on the charge of witchcraft. They are now killed no longer. The reason they are not killed is not because human nature has been changed, but because we do not believe in witchcraft. We have changed not our nature but our notions.

The wisest and most learned jurists of Europe once believed it necessary to torture prisoners in order to find out the truth, but the old instruments of torture are now in museums. Human nature has not changed, but we have found a more sensible way of arriving at the truth. War survives from generation to generation not because it cannot be abolished, but simply because men have mistaken ideas about it. It is more mischievous than slavery, more stupid than persecution for witchcraft, and more irrational and cruel than judicial torture, and it will be abolished as soon as men change their views. The world is hoodwinked by the philosophers into thinking that war is inevitable. The man who thinks so does not know what war is.

The paganized philosopher says that war is a school of virtue. It will be more difficult to say this now that the Carnegie report of the Savageries of the Balkan War, and the Bryce Report of the German Atrocities in Belgium, and the sickening story of the butchery of the Armenians in Turkey are spread before the eyes of the world. War is a school of virtue in the same sense as pestilence is a school of virtue, or as

famine is a school of virtue. Men do brave things in all these direful visitations for the simple reason that man is by nature a heroic creature, and even in war the glory that is native to him flashes out. We must distinguish between what men do in time of war and what war itself is. In the midst of a vast conflagration firemen do heroic things. They climb to the top of high ladders, plunge into smoke-filled halls and attics, rescue imperiled women and children. Mothers do brave things. They snatch their children from the jaws of death at the risk of their own lives. Boys do chivalric things. They venture where the danger is greatest. They rescue those who without their assistance would be lost. But what they do is not to be put down to the credit of fire. Fire furnishes an opportunity for the heroism that is in them to show itself, but the fire does not create the heroism nor is the fire responsible for it. The fire itself is a deadly, devouring, heartless thing. It smothers babies in their cradles, it suffocates old men and women in their attics, it burns up invalids in the hospital, it consumes works of art, and old manuscripts, and priceless heirlooms. Not

one merciful or beneficent thing does it do from the beginning of the conflagration to the end. All it does is to blacken and char and burn and destroy. War is fire. In the fire men often exhibit a courage and a self-sacrifice and a nobility which compel the admiration of all who behold it, but war itself is cruel, pitiless, devilish. War burns up ancient libraries, famous cathedrals, priceless art treasures. It consumes things of beauty which all the genius of the world can never replace. It drives aged men and women from their homes into the fields in midwinter to freeze and starve. It shatters the roof over the head of invalids, and kills the nurses who wait upon them. It blows houses to splinters and makes wreckage of homes. It kills fathers and husbands and sons, blows women to shreds and snuffs out the lives of babies in their cradles. There is nothing barbarous and inhuman and devilish which war does not do. It is the sum of all villainies. The manifestations of its infernal spirit are numberless and run beyond the descriptive powers of human speech. Never put war down in the list of things which are good. Put it down in the list of

the things that are direful and horrifying —famine, pestilence, tuberculosis, smallpox, bubonic plague, cancer, and earthquake. All these are angels of mercy compared with war.

"But see," says the philosopher, "what blessings have come through war: liberty, progress, the emancipation of ancient tyrannies, and the opening of new ages for the mind! It is over battlefields that the race has marched to glory, and it is through the baptism of battle fire that men have added new cubits to their spiritual stature." So says the philosopher, but the inference he would have us draw is false. He points out the good things which have followed war, and says, without war these good things could not have been gotten. It is here that the philosopher goes astray. Every good thing ever attained in war could have been gotten more economically in some other way. It is true that war has not been able to block permanently the progress of the race. It is true that many blessings, physical and intellectual, have been handed to us through battle fire. This is evidence that God's purposes cannot be permanently thwarted and that he

can compel the wrath of man to praise him. He is omnipotent and man is finite, and no matter what the finite creature does, the Infinite can circumvent him by his mercy. God is love and the whole world is foundationed on love, and no matter how furiously man may hate, the love of God flows round him, and makes channels for itself even through provinces consecrated to the passions of hatred and vengeance. God is good, and because of his immeasurable goodness it is impossible to do anything wicked in this world from which at least one stream of blessing will not flow. Men have fought and humanity has advanced. The philosopher dwells upon this and concludes that with more fighting more progress will follow. Humanity has advanced in spite of the fighting, and not because of it, and if men had never unsheathed the sword the race would be vastly farther on than it is. The world is poor today largely because so much of the world's wealth has been consumed in war. Humanity is impoverished in its heart life because of the storms of hate which have swept over it. Many nations once mighty are now only dust heaps. They were beaten into dust

by war. Nations now playing a part on the stage of the world's life are scrubby and stunted because the richest juices of their blood were long ago sucked out by war. All the nations of the earth are paralyzed and handicapped in their physical and intellectual and spiritual development and operations by the blood they poured out in preceding generations on the battlefield.

These are the three veils which philosophy weaves. First, war is inevitable, because human nature is bellicose and can never be altered; second, war is a school of virtue; third, war is a means of securing blessings which can be obtained in no other way. Throw those three veils over the face of war and you cannot see what war is. What cannot be avoided, we shall never gird up our loins to conquer. What seems to develop the manly virtues, we shall never in round terms condemn. What leads to blessings can never seem odious to one to whom those blessings are dear. Philosophy takes the edge off the world's horror of war by weaving round the head of the monster a delicate network of lies.

It is not easy to know what war is. Lan-

guage cannot tell us. Art refuses to tell us. Art is in love with the beautiful, and when she speaks of war she seizes upon the lovely and picturesque aspects, blinding by creations of the imagination the eyes of the understanding, so that they cannot see the hideous things which lie concealed under the things which are fair. Military preparedness also refuses to tell us. It fills our ears with thrilling music, and our eyes with gorgeous colours, and our hearts with patriotic emotions, and hides from us the fact that its steps lead down to the chambers of death. Philosophy refuses to tell us. She takes this old scourge, and decks it with flowers, this ancient curse and wraps it in garlands, this primeval abomination and dresses it in purple, this chief of the devils and exalts it as a god. It is in the universities of Europe that war has been most idolized, and it is men who have had high reputations for learning who have flooded the world with eulogies of war.

In the fulness of time war came. The lexicographers had completed their definitions. The artists had painted their pictures and composed their music, the high

priests of military preparedness had perfected their gorgeous ritual, the wise men of the schools had thrown over war all the glittering folds of a materialistic philosophy, and then God said, "I will now let you see what war is." It is now clear to the whole world that war is a species of man-killing. It is an antiquated governmental device for settling international disputes by killing men. Look at its instruments. They are all instruments of destruction. The destruction is to be wrought on the bodies of men. Look at that bayonet. It was not made for the killing of horses or lions or tigers. It was made to run through a man. Look at that rifle. Notice the bullet. It was made to kill a man. Examine that hand grenade. It is cunningly devised to explode just at the moment when it can kill a man. Scrutinize that shrapnel. It is a shell with thin walls and inside of it there are two hundred and sixty-two bullets, and some gun cotton and some powder, and a time fuse, and when the appointed instant has come, it explodes, and the bullets go out in all directions in search of men. Look at those machine guns. They are constructed to kill a hun-

dred men a minute. See those bombs. They are works of art. Their only excuse for being is the killing of men. See those rolling billows of poisonous gases. They sweep across the fields seeking men. They were generated for the express purpose of smothering men.

Everything else in war is incidental except the killing of men. Property is destroyed. Roads are torn up, bridges are burned, homes are demolished, but all this is only for the purpose of obstructing and trapping men so that they can be killed. Fortifications are attacked and blown to pieces, forts are assaulted and captured, but this, too, is only incidental. The attacking army is after men. No war can be ended by the capture of masses of concrete and steel. There is no victory in war except by the killing of men. As long as the enemy's army is alive, the enemy is not conquered. The enemy cannot be vanquished except by the killing of men. Men are often wounded in battle, but that is not the primary purpose of war. The supreme purpose is to kill men, or to mangle them in such a way that they can never fight again. Men are sometimes captured in

war, but this is not the supreme purpose. Prisoners are a burden and a nuisance, they handicap the operations of the army which takes them. There is nothing so desirable in the waging of war as the killing of men. If it can be reported that ten thousand men were killed, the nation that killed them is glad, if twenty-five thousand are killed, the victorious nation is elated, if the number rises to fifty or a hundred thousand the nation is hilarious. Victories are graded according to the number of men who are killed.

War is the killing of young men. Old men do not go to war, or if they go, they are not in the fighting line. They are officers, and they direct operations from the rear. Only young men, as a rule, are killed in war. Men who have lived their lives and done their work, and who might therefore be spared without mankind suffering irreparable loss, are not wanted in war. Only young men whose life is all before them, whose faculties are not yet fully developed, and who have not had a chance to make their contribution to their nation and the world, only these are appointed to slaughter. The war god is exceedingly

fastidious in his selection of men. He will accept only the strongest. He discards with disdain the dwarfs and the hunchbacks, the men with a shrunken arm, the men with a club foot, the men with weak lungs or an irregular heart, or a body emaciated by disease. Only the healthy and the vigourous and the robust are led forth to be killed. The god of war refuses to have anything to do with the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the crippled, the maimed, the semi-paralyzed. He demands always and only the best. He will not use the feeble-minded, the imbeciles, the idiots, the lunatics, the inmates of insane asylums, he demands men who are in full possession of their faculties, who are wide awake and alert, and who can seize instantly every opportunity for killing another man.

But you cannot kill men without killing women. The lives of women are inextricably interwoven with the lives of men. Whatever hurts men hurts women, whatever wounds men causes women to bleed. Every man is the son of a woman. Not a man can be killed without a sword going through some woman's heart. Many men have sisters, many have wives. Many

have daughters. A man's life may be vitally intertwined with the lives of at least four women—his mother, his sister, his wife and his daughter. Kill a man and you quench the light of the day for some woman, you take out of life the zest and joy of living, you convert earthly existence into a tragedy and an unfathomable mystery. The war day by day adds to the vast company of the mothers who are weeping, and who, like Rachel, cannot be comforted, because their sons are dead. Day by day the multitude of widows grows, hour by hour the number of the orphans is increased. Every day God alone knows how many women die of a broken heart. War kills women as well as men. But you cannot kill men and women without killing children. An American who has just returned from Europe after a sojourn there of several months reports that fully 500,000 children have perished in the present war, chiefly from the lack of nourishment. He says that in parts of Poland there is scarcely a child left under six years of age.

If then war is the killing of the strongest of a nation's men, war means the impoverishment of the blood of the human race.

War reduces the physical stature of mankind. In peace we are under the law of the survival of the fittest. In the years of peace it is the strong who flourish and grow stronger, whereas in time of war humanity passes under a different law, the survival of the unfit. Peace kills off the weak, war kills off the strong. War, therefore, is contrary to nature. It is a law of nature that all living beings shall struggle, but it is not a law of nature that human beings shall kill one another. Killing men is a violation of the law of God, and nations which delight in war are soon or late, eliminated from the earth. The great empires of antiquity went down because they were all warring empires. In war they sacrificed their strongest men, and today many of them are only heaps of dust. The Almighty will beat into dust the Empires and Kingdoms of our modern world if men do not beat their swords into ploughshares and agree to make war no more. The art of killing men has been so elaborated and perfected by the inventions of the last fifty years, that war is deadlier than it has ever been before, so that Europe is today reducing the stature of the men of genera-

tions yet unborn, and is enfeebling the physical and moral stamina of the nations through more than a hundred years to come.

We can see what war is more distinctly because science has unrolled it and spread it out. It has increased the intensity of its movements, and so concentrated its energy that we can see better what its purpose is and what is the temper of its spirit. Its spirit is murderous, and now that its spirit can utilize more effective weapons, it piles up the dead with such celerity that the heart stands aghast. War is killing men, and the more swiftly it kills them, the more successful war is counted. The savages used to tomahawk one man at a time. War now exults in the trick of snuffing out a thousand lives at once. Science has given war new dimensions. Formerly it had only length and breadth. Men now wage war above the clouds and beneath the surface of the sea. They go into the air to kill, they descend into the ocean to kill. Wherever they go they go to kill. Three kingdoms, the earth, the sea, and the air, are all now under the dominion of war, and all of them are bespattered with blood.

War, wherever it is waged, is the slaughtering of men. The Almighty has stretched war out to unprecedented dimensions in order that we might know more unmistakably what war is.

Not only has the present war colossal dimensions, but it is hung up against a background different from any which the world had heretofore furnished. Ours is a humanitarian age. The hearts of men the world over have been growing gentle through the last hundred years. Men everywhere are thinking of human betterment, and are touched with pity for those who suffer. To alleviate the sufferings of mankind has become in widening circles a passion. Great companies of men and women have dedicated themselves to the task of fighting disease. Pain is one of the enemies upon which our age makes unceasing war. Millions of dollars have been invested in laboratories and hospitals around the world for the purpose of investigating the causes of diseases, and of healing the multitudes who are sick. Men are increasingly sensitive to the needs of their fellows, and to save life, not destroy it, has become the ambition and aim of society. City offi-

cials look carefully into the milk bottles every morning, determined that even the babies shall be in no wise cheated or wronged. Clinics are opened for the poor, and wherever men and women suffer, are found skilled and sympathetic servants eager to minister to their needs. The whole world has within a half century been fitted up as a hospital, and the supreme aim of civilization has been the saving of life. And then, after we had gotten the wards all in order, and had supplied ourselves with anæsthetics, antiseptics, and antitoxins, and a thousand appliances and remedies for the warfare against pain and the redemption of human life, all at once war burst through the door, shouting: "I come not to save but to destroy." Then, if never before, we realized that war is a devil, that war is from the lowest depths of hell. We never realized his hideousness until we saw him in the light of a world that has learned from Jesus of Nazareth the joy and glory of social service.

War is no longer half hidden in the darkness. War stands out before us, in the limelight, naked. We Americans occupy a box seat in the theatre, and the bloody

drama is enacted before our eyes. We can see it as no other non-European people. We are connected with the scene of conflict by electric wires and the more subtle wires of the ether. Photography had been perfected before the war began that we might see the pictures of its most hideous details. No other war has ever been exhibited to the world in such unending panoramas of pen sketches, and no other has ever been shown in moving pictures. It is clear to all who have eyes to see that war's crowning ambition is destruction. Science has sharpened its features, and we see it through an atmosphere which has been cleansed by the new dreams of a Christianized heart.

And what do we behold? We see that war is an atrocity. Much has been said about the atrocities of the various armies engaged. Why should we be surprised at these? War itself is an atrocity, and is the mother of every other atrocity which the human mind can conceive of. It cannot do its work without lying and stealing and killing. Wherever it goes it spreads desolation and slaughter, and the ruin of everything which the heart holds dear.

We see now that the nature of it cannot be changed. We talk sometimes of civilized warfare, and some have gone so far as to speak of Christian warfare, but there is no such thing as Christian warfare, and you degrade the adjective "civilized" whenever you apply it to war. War is barbarism, and you cannot eliminate its barbarity. War is savagery and you cannot make it humane. War is now in essence what it was in the days of Tamerlane and Attila, in the time of Ramses II, and Ashur-banipal. As soon as the German army crossed into Belgium men began to do precisely what men did there two thousand years before when Julius Cæsar carried the Roman Eagles across that land, they proceeded to butcher other men, and graves were filled with the mangled bodies of the slain. A library was burned just as the Alexandrian library was burned, a cathedral was ruined just as the Parthenon was ruined, homes were demolished just as they were in the days of Genghis Khan, innocent men and women were done to death just as they were in the days of Tiglath Pileser. We now know that war can never be refined, purified, or rendered hu-

man. War is a monster of the primeval slime. Warriors no longer fight from the backs of prancing chargers, they lie on their bellies in the trenches. Performing the work of the cave dweller it is fitting that they should take the cave dweller's posture. War is of the earth earthy, it is appropriate that those who engage in it should be compelled to wallow in the mud.

We now see that war is a blunder, an absurdity, a form of foolery, a species of insanity. Can you conceive of anything more idotic than that which Europe is now doing? Not one of the nations is fighting for a glorious principle. They are all fighting in self-defense. They are putting into the furnace all the money they have earned during the last hundred years. They are consuming not only their present possessions, but are mortgaging the future. They are tying a millstone around the neck of generations not yet born. The nations are spending, it is estimated, one hundred million dollars a day. The debts of all of them mount into the billions, that of one of them standing now at eleven billions. The wise men of Europe are piling on the backs of

the nations burdens under which they will stagger for generations.

War is a wrong, a monstrous crime against mankind. Europe is showing us what an unspeakable crime it is. The war is covering Europe with graves, but that is not all. It is covering Europe with maimed and crippled men. That is not all. It is covering Europe with pauperized and homeless women and children. That is not all. It is impoverishing society. It is eating up the foundations for education and research, and the multiform work for social amelioration. That is not all. It is impoverishing the mind. It is blunting sensibilities, feeding wild passions, embittering hearts. It is sowing seeds of bitterness and hatred which will grow through the coming years. It is taking the sunlight out of the present, and filling all the horizons with gloom. Has ever such a crime been committed since Cain slew his brother?

It is a sin. It is an offense against Almighty God. It is an insult to the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Look at it in the presence of the cross on which the Prince of Glory died. If the

Christian religion is true, then this European war is a crimson, awful, damning sin. The Man of Galilee has said: "Love your brother as yourself." "Love one another as I have loved you." And the nations of Europe have said: "We will not have this man to reign over us." The New Testament says "Be kind, be tenderhearted, be forgiving, serve, sacrifice yourself for others, follow the example of Jesus of Nazareth." You cannot dip down anywhere into the New Testament without finding a sentence which breathes condemnation of war.

If then war is an atrocity, a blunder, a crime, and a sin, we ought to hate it. Mankind has never hated war. That is why war survives. Men have admired war, and eulogized it, and loved it, and millions do all this even yet. Art has put a laurel wreath upon its brow, and philosophy has thrown round its shoulders a purple robe, and militarism has blown through silver trumpets its glowing gospel of Preparedness, and the hearts of men have been moved and won.

Europe has never hated war, and that is the chief reason why she is now bleeding

at every pore. To scores of Europe's exalted thinkers war has been a necessity, a school of virtue, a mother of all blessings. The army and navy have marched at the forefront of all her processions. Army and naval officials in gold braid and brass buttons have held exalted place at all her social and political functions. War games have been the most thrilling of all her pastimes. What European nation has ever despised war? When the first Hague Conference assembled the representatives of the nations did not set themselves to the task of abolishing war. Their chief concern was to perfect the rules under which the barbarous game could be played. They discussed the rights of neutrals and the rights of non-combatants, and the rights of non-fortified places, and the rights of prisoners, and the rights of the wounded, and the nature of the bullets, and the establishment of prize courts; but they did not face the only question of importance—the question of how to abolish war. A second Hague Conference was held, and once more, time was frittered away in discussions concerning disputed points in the methods of waging war. There was no

hatred of war in Europe to compel these representatives of the nations to grapple with the cardinal problem: How shall we put an end to war?

Do you think Americans hate war? Millions do, and other millions do not. There are multitudes of Americans who are still blinded by art, and hoodwinked by philosophy, and beguiled by militarism, and while they deprecate war, and occasionally say a disparaging thing about war, they do not hate it with a hatred which affects their character and moulds their action.

Humanly speaking then, this war was necessary in order that men might learn wisdom. Millions of men are in the trenches. It is well that they should be there, for it is only there that they can learn what war is. It is well that the war is going to be a long one, because important lessons are not easily learned. Europe has for centuries been worshipping Mars, and it is time that she was learning that men cannot worship Mars and Christ. She must be taught to abhor that which is evil. She must cease to be conformed to the ways of the pre-Christian world, and be

transformed by the renewing of her mind that she may prove the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. There is nothing which Europe so needed to know as what war is. And there is nothing which our Republic needs more to know. We need to have kindled in us a deeper and a hotter hatred of this primeval abomination. We need to read about its horrors. We need to look upon the appalling panorama of purgatorial misery which is unrolled daily before our eyes. We ought in imagination to walk through the trenches and see these chambers of horrors after the last charge. We ought in imagination to walk through the hospitals where there are men with arms torn off, and legs torn off, and jaws shattered to pulp, and abdomens ripped open and the intestines protruding, and eyes torn from their sockets hanging down on the cheeks, and skulls cracked open and the brains oozing out. We ought to move among the dying and the dead, and see men in convulsions writhing in agony, and listen to the piercing cries of men pleading for some one to come and end their torture. We ought to gaze on these sights of hell, and breathe in the odours of gangrened

flesh, and the stench of unburied corpses. Do you say this makes you sick? Do not turn away. You ought to be made sick. The whole world must be made sick. Until it is nauseated by the loathsome smells and horrifying spectacles of war, it will never hate it. And until war is hated it cannot be abolished. What we need is an ever deepening horror of war. We shall end war when we abhor it. We shall abhor it when we once see it. We can see it if we look steadfastly upon what is now going on in Europe. War, for once, has had all its gold braid, and pageantry stripped off of it; all of its glitter and pomp have been burned away. Look at Belgium! Look at Poland! Look at the ghastly heaps of the Armenian dead. There is no longer any glamour of war except in the imagination of fools. Listen to what a captain of the Prussian guard, Marshall von Biberstein, wrote just before he died, to the Friedenswarte from the trenches:

Mankind must learn to conquer war. It is not true that peace is only a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. Man must conquer war. There must, there will come a time which will know war no more.

LECTURE II

WHAT IS IN MAN

LECTURE II

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WHAT is in man? Everything noble, beautiful, fine. Everything glorious, magnificent, divine. The poets and orators have never ceased to extol the dignity of man. His greatness has been a theme of perennial fascination. He has been pictured now as a magician, now as a Titan, now as a demigod.

What is in man? Everything that is low and contemptible and mean. Everything that is vile and disgusting and devilish. The cynics and satirists have never grown weary of exploiting the littleness of man. His frailty and wretchedness have been the theme of many schools. He has been pictured now a weakling, now a pigmy, and now a slave.

What is in man? Everything good, and everything bad. Is he great or is he little? He is both. Is he noble or is he mean? Both. Listen to a Hebrew poet: "What is

man? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas."

Hear another Hebrew poet. He is speaking of men he has known. He says: "Their throat is an open sepulchre." Another one says: "The poison of asps is under their lips." Another says: "Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." A Hebrew orator says: "Their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways. The way of peace have they not known." Still another student of human nature records: "There is no fear of God before their eyes." That is the testimony of the Psalter. It proclaims the greatness and the littleness of man, his godlikeness and his meanness.

Hear now the greatest of the English poets:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!

in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

And now hear one of the keenest of all French thinkers: "What a chimera is man! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A feeble worm of the earth! A mere huddle of uncertainty. The glory and the scandal of the universe." Who is correct, Shakespeare or Pascal? Both.

What says Jesus of Nazareth? "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, fornications, thefts, murders, adulteries, covetings, wickednesses, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, railing, pride, foolishness." What a brood of demons, all of them emerging from the heart. Jesus also says that when the prodigal son came to himself, he said, "I will arise and go to my father." He was full of lust and of folly, but the deepest thing in him was loyalty to his father.

The fourth Evangelist tells us that on a certain occasion in the City of Jerusalem Jesus refused to trust Himself to certain men who on the surface were friendly to

Him, and the reason assigned is that "He knew what was in men." He did not trust Himself to some men, but He trusted Himself to others because in both cases He knew what was in them. He knew what was in Simon Peter and Andrew and James and John and the rest of them, and so He trusted Himself to them, and sent them out to proclaim His gospel. He told them that they would be hated of all men and imprisoned and scourged and killed, but He had no fear that this announcement would daunt them, because He knew what was in them. He knew what was in other men. He knew there were men in Palestine who would apply the scourge and bolt and bar the prison door, and strike the murderous blow. He knew that in our world there are sheep and that there are also wolves.

He knew what was in man and so He said: "I am going to Jerusalem where they are going to mock me, and scourge me, and spit upon me, and crucify me." He knew everything that is in man and so He said: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

The Great War is furnishing a thrilling

revelation of the heart of man. It is exhibiting human nature in all of its dimensions. It is making clear what man is. It is confirming the Bible presentation of him. It is demonstrating that he is a son of God in ruins.

In the midst of war many laws are silent, many civil laws which bind men in the days of peace become obsolete. Various social conventions and traditions are laid aside. Even moral laws are for the time suspended, and it becomes right to lie and steal and kill. In this season of vast upheaval, man enjoys a liberty which is denied him in the years of peace. Opportunities for the gratification of appetites and passions are presented, and many men display the ferocity of animals and the malignity of devils. Rapine and murder and rape is a story which is written afresh in each succeeding war.

Since war is primarily man-killing, war invariably whets the instinct of cruelty and develops the ingenuity which creates new instruments of death. The Indian used his bow and arrow and tomahawk. These were the deadliest instruments he could make. They were all he had. He did his utmost

to kill his foes. The German uses his Zeppelin and submarine and asphyxiating gas. These are the deadliest things which the German genius can devise. In war man is as cruel as he is able to be.

War subjects men and nations to a terrific strain. It tries them as no other experience can. It lays upon them burdens which call forth the full measure of their strength. It demands the last ounce of their energy, the last breath of their effort. Man is supremely himself in the whirlwind of war. Everything that is in him comes out. He rises to his full stature. All his earthiness, his meanness, his fiendish instincts find expression, and so also do his capacities and powers which link him to God.

The first effect of the war was disheartening. The faith of multitudes was shaken. Men lost confidence in man. When we lose confidence in man we lose confidence in God. The seat of the scornful was crowded. The voice of the pessimist was heard in the land. Men said openly that modern civilization is a sham, Christian civilization is a thin veneer, and progress a delusion. It was said that no progress

has been made for two thousand years, that man has not advanced beyond what he was at the beginning. Some said, he is a brute, a beast. Others said, he is a barbarian, a savage. Others said, he is a devil.

It is not to be wondered at that men spoke after this fashion. For years we had been listening to the optimists chanting the praises of civilization, and watching them burning incense on the altars of progress, and many of us had come to feel that all was well with the world. And then in the twinkling of an eye, we were disillusioned. It was flashed upon us by a gleam of lightning that modern civilization is after all a tawdry thing, that there are no Christian nations, and that while our intellects have garnered knowledge the world has not applied its heart unto wisdom.

Have you read the Carnegie report of the Balkan wars? Have you read the Bryce report of what was done in Belgium? Have you read the awful words of Cardinal Mercier? You have read, I am sure, the story of the butchery by Turkey of the Armenians. With such documents before us,

we are forced to confess that there is no conceivable cruelty which man will not inflict, no outrage which man will not commit, no brutality of which he is not capable, no depth of infamy to which he is not willing to descend. All the cruelties and brutalities and butcheries and atrocities of which you have ever read in history have all been matched before your very eyes in the twentieth century. Let no man hereafter ever dispute the Christian doctrine of sin. Let no one ever deny the depravity of the human soul. Let no one scorn the teaching that man is a fallen creature, and that humanity without Christ is lost!

But while there is much to sadden and depress, there is also much to cheer us and to strengthen faith. Before the war began we had listened long to a band of critics who were continually bewailing the degeneracy of our modern world. Men like Bernhardi and Homer Lea were distressed because the people were becoming too peaceable in their disposition. We were told again and again that peacemakers are soft and flabby, that in peace the moral fibre rots, that only in war can the manly

qualities be kept alive, that only on the battlefield can men gain and keep the fighting edge. Sundry things have been said against modern city life, with its offices and shops and factories, and we were exhorted to believe that commercialism is eating out the heart of nations, and that luxury is rendering men effeminate and totally unfit for the world's rough work. The decay of the military virtues has been chanted as a dirge in all the lands, and it was doubted whether ever again the world would behold such displays of courage and sacrifice as those which adorn the pages of ancient Persia, Greece, and Rome.

The war has proved the pessimists to be mistaken. The military virtues are all intact. Men know still how to obey. It is not true that the modern notion of liberty has undermined in the human soul the principle of obedience. And when since the world began has there been a more magnificent display of heroism than we have seen during the last eighteen months? It had been often said that war had been made impossible because of the destructiveness of modern weapons. Soldiers, it was claimed, would not be willing to stand

up before howitzers and machine guns, and whatever fighting was to be done would have to be done by combatants many miles apart. The prophets did not know the temper of the human heart. There is nothing in earth or hell that man is afraid of. You cannot frighten him. You cannot make him run. He will face any foe, however dangerous. He will meet death in any form with a smile on his face. Do you want him to attack a fort with its huge guns belching explosive shells? He will do it. Do you want him to travel under the sea, taking risks which no soldier in Alexander's army knew? He will do it. Do you want him to soar above the clouds and fight a duel there? He will do it. There is nothing he will not do. He will go anywhere. He has baptized the upper air with his blood. Long continued peace does not make men soft. Modern civilization does not destroy the virile virtues. Men can come from the factories and shops and show a courage never surpassed by any soldiers of Cæsar. The Canadians that scaled hill No. 60 at Ypres were from the offices of Montreal and Ottawa and Vancouver. They had never fought before,

their fathers had not fought, nor their grandfathers. But when the crisis came they were not found wanting. The soldiers from New Zealand and from Australia had never stood in the firing line, but when they were there they did not flinch. Who can read the stories of the exploits of the soldiers in this war without a thrill of heart, and a new vision of the intrepidity of the human spirit.

We have been told repeatedly that this is a selfish world, that all men think only of themselves. Their motto is: "Every man for himself, and let the devil take the hindmost." That is the doleful talk which has flowed like a deluge across our modern world. The war comes, and lo, millions of men are discovered to possess the spirit of self-sacrifice. They do not think of themselves at all. They do not count their lives dear. They are ready to sacrifice comfort, business, home, life itself. They say goodbye to mother, wife, and children, and go to the front, not knowing whether they will ever come back again. Some of them enter the navy, and when their ship is struck they stand on deck singing patriotic songs while the ship goes down. Others fight on

land. They live in trenches. They are hungry, cold, miserable, destitute, afflicted, tormented. None of these things move them. Others serve in the fleet of the air. From the beginning they count themselves dead men. They count not their life dear, if only by the giving of it they can serve their country. Who can see all this without exclaiming: "Thou hast made man a little lower than the angels!"

This spirit of courage and self-sacrifice would be wonderful if manifested even in a few, but when it pervades and sways hundreds of thousands and millions of men, then it becomes awe-inspiring. Courage is seen to be a virtue not confined to a few rare individuals, or shut up within the bounds of a few favoured classes. It is a universal possession. It is a human attribute. It belongs to all. It is man's nature to be brave, to despise danger, to face death undaunted.

The war has proved that all classes of men are equally brave. The rich and the poor fight together, suffer together, die together. There is no difference between a rich man and a poor man on the field of death. The cultured and the ignorant

march together, and face with equal calmness the thrust of the bayonet or the explosion of the shell. The Oxford and Cambridge men are not a whit inferior in stamina to the day labourer from the streets, and the stoker at the bottom of the battleship has as brave a heart as beats in any breast in all the far-flung battle line. This is one of the spiritual splendours of the war —this magnificent display of courage. It is not peculiar to any one class of the population, or to any one race or nation. All the nations have been baptized into one spirit. All the races are equal in the fiery ordeal. Who would venture to assert that the Germans are braver than the French, or that the French are braver than the Russians, or that the Russians are braver than the British, or that the British are braver than the Belgians, or that the Belgians are braver than the Servians? All races and nations have won by conspicuous courage the iron cross, men under every flag have shown their willingness to give the last full measure of devotion.

Here, then, is an element of human nature which is apparently universal. It is not a national virtue, nor is it the peculiar

possession of any one race. It belongs to our humanity. Simply because we are men, we are capable of doing brave things. God has made of one blood all the nations. It is an element which is apparently indestructible. The ancient Babylonians had it, and so also did the ancient Egyptians, and the Persians, and the Greeks, and the Romans. The war has proved that it lives on with undiminished vigour in all the peoples of modern Europe. Civilization does not lessen it, Christianity does not kill it. New ways of living and thinking and working do not cause it to wane or shrivel. Man is naturally a hero. He is not his true self if he is not brave. He may in a fit of weakness play the coward, but when he comes to himself he dares everything. This is a timid and cringing world, but the war proves that there is nothing so common and abundant as courage. We are living in a selfish world, but the war has demonstrated that men by the million are ready to give up everything, and to be obedient unto death.

The war is giving us also a fresh revelation of man's mind. If we see his heart in his courage and self-sacrifice, we see his

mind in the wonderful machinery he has created and in the amazing results he has achieved. Man is incurably a skeptic, and his most costly skepticism is concerning himself. He is greater than he thinks, and his powers outrun his wildest dreams. Before the first steamship crossed the Atlantic, the cleverest men said it could not be done. Before the first express train thundered over the steel rails, the most competent experts said that forty miles per hour was impossible. Before men talked through a wire, scientists declared it could not be done. To talk without a wire across the Atlantic was beyond the possible within the memory of us all. Everybody once knew that one cannot see through an oaken door, until one day somebody did it. The world was long convinced that man could not fly. He now soars higher than the eagle. In every generation the wise and prudent have stoutly contended that further advances were impossible, and the victors of the succeeding generation have laughed their proud declarations to scorn.

Nothing is more interesting than the assertions of the experts before the great

war began. Many of the so-called wise declared with confidence that a war of these dimensions could never be. Their reasonings are as curious now as are the reasonings once used to prove that the earth could not be round. Men said that should a European war come, it would be on such a vast scale that it would break down under the weight of its own immensity. They said it was impossible to mobilize millions of men at once. It was impossible also to transport them to the fronts where they would be needed. Furthermore it would be impossible to feed them. No commissariat could grapple successfully with the problem of feeding two or three million men. Moreover such a war could not be financed. The political economists proved this, and the lords of finance gave their hearty assent. A war on such a gigantic scale must of necessity be a short one. Sundry experts proved that it could not continue through three months.

In looking over this mass of reasoning it is difficult to find just where the argument went astray. These experts were all proficient in mathematics. They were masters of the art of logic. They started

with plausible premises, worked their way from point to point by plausible processes, and arrived at last at plausible conclusions. They proved that millions of troops could not be transported to the theatre of war, by counting the number of cars then in existence, and estimating the carrying capacity of each car. They proved that armies so vast could not be fed, by calculating the number of pounds per capita per day, and measuring the machinery of transportation. They demonstrated that the war would of necessity be a short one, by counting up all the gold in all the national treasuries, and estimating the necessary daily expenditures. It was easy to prove that the entire wealth of Europe would be speedily exhausted, and after this, the war would end. At fifty millions a day, it was not hard to show that the nations would soon become bankrupt, and bankruptcy, it was assumed, would compel a nation to sheathe its sword. There is nothing more illuminating in modern history than this proved fallibility of the experts. The military experts who have a habit of speaking with the air of omniscience, the financial experts who have vainly imagined that

they held the world in their hands, the commercial experts, who, because of their wide practical experience, have been credited with knowing more than other men, the political economists and the sociologists, whose business it is to know what society is, and what political organization can accomplish, all have lost their reputation, and have fallen not soon to rise again. We shall listen to them hereafter with a cautious mind, and shall not assume that because of their learning and authority they speak by inspiration of the Almighty. They all erred at the same point. They did not take into account the immeasurable power of the human mind. No one knows the power of the mind until the mind has been put to the test. The problems presented by the wars of the past were as tasks of the kindergarten compared with the problems which this war has created. But men are equal to the situation. Is it necessary that millions of men shall engage in bloody conflict, then they can be transported, they can be armed and clothed and fed, and they can be kept in the field for an indefinite period. The nations are now spending one hundred million dol-

lars a day and the debts are mounting higher and higher, but the end of the war is no more in sight than it was in the month of August, 1914. Nations can go on fighting after they are bankrupt. They can make war without credit and without money. So long as men have hands to work with and fight with, just so long nations can wage war. Nobody today knows when the war is going to end, and every mathematical calculation is not worth the paper it is written on. You may count again and again your men and your ships and your guns and your shells and your dollars, and even then you will not know what the result is going to be, for the reason that you cannot compute the immeasurable dimensions of the human mind.

The war is flashing new light on the power of the human will. We now see that where there is a will there is a way. Nothing is impossible to the will. For several generations we have been playing at co-operation, trying little experiments and endeavouring to ascertain what organization might accomplish, but war has driven us deeper into this vast unexplored domain, and we are just beginning to see what men

can accomplish when they combine their strengths. We have for several years been talking about getting together. We know now what that means. Germans have gotten together. Before the war they were split into contending parties, fighting one another in the Reichstag and in the press, but on the first day of the war they all came together, and up till now Germans have lived and worked and suffered as one man. Frenchmen came together. They had fallen into mutually hostile groups, and they fought one another with a partisan fury which caused them to lose sight of the higher interests of the Republic, but the first cannon shot drove them together, and Frenchmen have been thinking and feeling and striving as one man. The Russians were divided. The land was full of discontent and contention. The vast empire seemed to be on the verge of revolution. But the war forced Russians together, and for a year and a half Russia has been able to put forth a strength which her neighbors did not know she possessed. Great Britain was feverish and rent by dissensions. It seemed sometimes as though she were on the edge of a great

civil war. Britishers could not think alike on any one of a half dozen critical and vexing problems, and the pessimists declared that the proud empire was in a state of dissolution. But when the German army plunged into Belgium, Britishers rushed together. Calmly and heroically the British people have faced the great crisis, and are ready to carry any burden however great which the future may lay on them. This mobilization of a nation's resources, this consolidation of a nation's strength, this syndicating of a nation's brains and hearts is one of the sublimest spectacles in modern history. In every warring nation the question for the last year and a half has been: "Who are our strongest men? These are the men whom we wish to guide us! We care nothing for party! We are indifferent to a hundred petty questions by which we were once divided. We unitedly desire but one thing —efficiency, victory!" On the hot anvil of war all the classes of each nation have been welded together; on the wild sea of world-wide conflict, all of the strands of the strength of each nation have been woven into mighty cables for the lifting of

burdens which could not possibly be moved by the apparatus found sufficient in the old days of individualism. Behold in this war a thrilling exhibition of the tremendous power of coöperation!

The power has overleaped national boundaries. It is not simply the classes within each nation which have come together. Nations themselves, having syndicated their resources, have linked themselves to their neighbours for the purpose of securing gigantic and glorious ends. We have come out into a new age of alliances and leagues. No nation lives to itself and no nation dies to itself. The life of every nation is bound up with the life of its neighbours.

Here again the skeptics had led us astray. They had told us of the racial antipathies, and the national antagonisms, and the commercial rivalries, until we had come to believe that the only possible method of international life was the Ishmaelitish method—every nation with its hand against every other nation, and the hands of all these nations against it. Men pointed to history and proved from indisputable facts that the Russian bear and the

British lion could never lie down together. For generations they had been estranged. British papers exploited the weaknesses and crimes of Russia, British poets caricatured and sneered at the Russian government and character, Russian writers denounced the greed and hypocrisy of Britain —and then the war came, and Englishmen and Russians fought side by side. English papers began to call attention to the virtues of the Russian people, and the Russian editors wrote words of praise for the achievements of Great Britain in human history. For seven hundred years France and England had been enemies. "Perfidious Albion" was the name which France had adopted for her neighbour across the Channel. And lo, in August, 1914, Englishmen and Frenchmen stood side by side fighting for a cause which both held dear. Volumes have been written setting forth the relations of the Orient to the West. The experts have magnified their difficulties and the pessimists have long foreseen a world-shattering conflict when East and West meet. But even the Orient and the Occident can stand together. Great Britain and Japan are

brothers. The little brother helps his big brother. They contend for the same principles, and desire the same blessings for the world. Great Britain, Russia, France, Italy, and Japan—five world powers leagued together for the accomplishment of world ends. Look at them, and see in their union a promise of still greater combinations yet to come.

Even deeper than differences of race are the differences of religion. Religion cuts chasms deeper and broader than any other social force. But men can unite in spite of their diverse faiths. Protestant Great Britain can unite with Catholic France, Catholic France can unite with the Greek church in Russia, all three can unite with Shintoist Japan, and Lutheran Germany can unite with Mohammedan Turkey. All the barriers of the historic religions have been broken down by the war, and the followers of Mohammed are found fighting one another, and the followers of Jesus are arrayed in different camps. The power of the mind to devise schemes of union and to organize conflicting forces for the accomplishment of a common end—who has measured it? The war has given us a hint

of the vast realms in which it is possible for it to work.

If the war has revealed the power of man's heart and the power of his mind, it has also revealed the power of one of the mightiest of his passions, the passion of patriotism. Tolstoi put patriotism in the list of things evil. To him it was not an asset but a liability. Patriotism as he had seen it, was so selfish and sordid that he denied it a rightful place in the life of man. He was mistaken. Patriotism, or the love of one's country, is one of the fundamental passions of the soul. To tear it out of the heart is to leave man permanently maimed. Like all other passions, patriotism can be perverted and made to serve ignoble ends, but patriotism in itself is one of the noblest of all the passions, and is capable of working for the highest interests of mankind. The war is giving us a new revelation of the wonder working power of patriotism. Many of the wise and prudent had come to discredit it. The socialists were in the habit of ignoring it in their speculations, and confidently asserted that they by their economic theory had made future wars impossible. But no

theory, however sound, goes so deep into human nature as an instinct. The love of country is an instinct, and when developed it becomes a passion, and when as a passion it burns with fervent heat, nothing can stand against it but the love of mankind and the love of God. Notwithstanding all that the theorists and the prophets had said, when the battle lines were formed it was discovered that the German socialists were in the German army, the French socialists were in the French army, and the Russian socialists were in the Russian army. Theoretically they all belonged together. According to the rules laid down in the books, they could not fight one another. But they did, and they do. When the hour comes, men fight under their nation's flag. This ability of man to rise above the claims of his family, to break the bonds that bind him to father and mother and brother and sister and wife and child, and lay his life down on the altar of his country, this is not logic, this is not reason, it is flame, fire, passion. And who can measure the force of passion? Who can tell how deep it goes, or how high it can soar? Look at those millions of men, every man with his back

to his home, and his face toward his flag, and meditate on the incredible, immeasurable, unimaginable power of patriotism!

There is a spirit in man. There is a light which lights every man who comes into the world. The military virtues of obedience and courage and sacrifice are also the Christian virtues. Christ's first commandment is obey. Obedience, He says, is the organ of knowledge. "He that wills to do God's will shall know." "If you know these things happy are ye if ye do them." "You are my friends if you do the things that I command you." "He that hears these sayings of mine and doeth them not is like a fool who builds his house and does not proportion the depth of the foundation to the breadth of the coming storm." The spirit of obedience walks up and down the bloody roads of Europe, and men obey their commanders with a docility and enthusiasm which awe the heart. Obedience is a form of faith. It is the way in which faith expresses itself. The writer of the letter to the Hebrews puts into his epistle a chapter on faith. He gives us the roll of the heroes of faith. They are all

heroes of obedience. They obey one who is invisible. Hope is a form of courage. Hope, Paul says, is a helmet. When we hope we hold up our head. We cannot fight with our head down. We cannot fight without hope. There is nothing more surprising in the present war than the spirit of hopefulness which pervades every land. The world today is being saved by hope. When one thinks of the devastation and the desolation of this war, when one begins to count the graves and the vacant chairs, when one looks at the long lines of maimed and crippled men, it would seem that there could be no laughter anywhere, no singing, no smiles. It would seem as if Europe must pour out its soul in tears, and as if men would have no heart to plan for the dismal years that lie ahead, and yet, by the grace of God, the human heart is still buoyant, and men and women still dare to dream! They say cheerily to one another: "Now when the war is ended let us do thus and thus." "When peace is once concluded, let us take up our work where we dropped it weary months ago. Let us come together and devise ways for the bettering of humanity, and the saving of the world."

This is one of the miracles of the world—the flame of hope can never be extinguished. The sun may be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, and all the stars may fall from heaven, and earth may become a desert, but the heart will not lose hope. It will keep on singing. No matter how deep the darkness, the eye will detect on the horizon a rosy hint of dawn. No matter how harsh and deafening the discords, the ear will catch a note of an anthem which the coming time will sing. This is the thing which surprises visitors to Europe more than anything else—the spirit of exaltation which lives in the hearts of the people in every one of the warring lands. Somehow the tragedy has not crushed them. They mount up with wings as eagles. They run and are not weary. They walk and do not faint. This must be God's doing. It ought to be wonderful in our eyes.

Self-sacrifice is a form of love. There are three virtues which are undying—faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love. War is hate. In times of war nations sing hymns of hate. Men think hateful thoughts and nurse hateful feelings

and do hateful deeds, and yet through the fires of war love like an angel walks and is not consumed. From time to time the newspapers report to us beautiful stories of gracious deeds, deeds done by the soldiers in one army to the soldiers in the other. So deepseated in the heart are the fountains of goodwill that in spite of all the rubbish which war throws upon them the heavenly streams will continue to gush forth. Europe is torn by hate, and yet there are tens of thousands of hearts which have not ceased to love. There are deeds of mercy being done in all the lands. There are tears of pity being shed in every country. There are prayers going up from every nation—cries wrung from the heart —"How long, O Lord, how long!" When you gaze on the power of hate, do not forget to gaze also on the power of love. Men are travelling from one country to another in order that they may kill, but men are also travelling from one country to another eager to save. When you have looked at the long lines of men, every man with a rifle, then turn and look at the great company of men and women, physicians and nurses who carry in their hands the instru-

ments and appliances which relieve the pain and destruction which the rifles have wrought. Never has there been so cruel a war as this, and never before has mercy played such a conspicuous and beneficent a part. The world's fingers have never been so gentle as now, because the world's heart has never been so tender. Never have so many millions of dollars been expended in medicines and comforts, and never has human genius put forth such strenuous efforts to relieve pain, and bring half dead men back to life again. War beats men down into blood and mire, it tears their flesh and splinters their bones, but the human heart is infinitely pitiful, and what man has marred man also labours to restore. Man is a great destroyer. He is a great saviour, too. He is a great hater —and he is likewise a great lover. The deepest thing in him is his love. War is an anachronism. It is a survival of the barbaric past. The Red Cross is a modern institution. It is the symbol of a new spirit. It is the prophecy of a world that is to be. When you get sick at heart, pondering the cruelty and heartlessness of the war, then look upon the Red Cross, a flower

of paradise blooming on the field of blood!

What then is in man? Bundles of instincts, voracious appetites, burning passions, instincts and appetites and passions which work mischief and which also when controlled work mightily for the kingdom of God; wonderful capacities for receiving error and also for receiving truth; marvelous powers for destruction and also for salvation; the worst of the vices, unbelief and despair and hate; the most radiant of the virtues, faith and hope and love. Do not call him a brute, an animal, a beast. What beast ever showed such ferocity as he? What beast has such powers of destruction as he? What tiger was ever so bloodthirsty, what hyena was ever so pitiless? What beast in the whole brute creation can kill a thousand men at once? A mad bull is the incarnation of wild and destructive physical force, but how little a mad bull can do. He has but two horns with which to toss and gore, only four feet with which to trample. His devastations are confined within narrow limits. If he kills a dozen men he is counted a monster. He can do nothing on the water and nothing in the air. Man can make a desert

from sea to sea, and when he comes to the sea coast he walks out upon the water like a god. He can spread ruin there. And when he has wrought his vengeance on sea and land, he can soar into the heavens and rain destruction on those who are impotent to oppose his rage. Do not call him a beast and do not call him a savage. No savage ever did the things which man is doing now. A savage is a harmless creature. His weapons are only innocent toys. He can kill one man, a dozen men. Give him time and he can kill a hundred men, but he is clumsy in his movements and he stumbles in his work. But man as we know him is a Titan. He has snatched the fire from heaven. He can burn up whole cities in his wrath. He can mow down with his machinery thousands of men in an hour. Do not call him a savage, a child of nature, call him rather a magician, a fallen archangel, a demigod. The writer of the old book of Genesis put him at the centre of the world, made him the climax of creation, and modern science has not removed him from that place. Copernicus removed the earth from its ancient place, but he dared not lay his hand on man. The earth has

lost its former dignity. It is a planet rolling around the sun. It is a grain of sand on the illimitable shore of the infinite. It is a speck of dust on the rim of the wheel of the material universe. But man is what he has been from the beginning—a being created in the image of God, a giant with a wounded heel, but a conqueror and an heir of immortality. The earth has been contracting but man has been expanding. He has never been so tall and so mighty as he is today. The war has revealed him, and we now know as we have never known before, what is in him.

It is now evident beyond contradiction that man is by nature a soldier. He is a born fighter. The fighting instinct is in him. The military virtues are embedded in the fibre of his being. He naturally obeys. He instinctively follows a leader. He followed Alexander. Later on he followed Cæsar. Still later he followed Napoleon. Some day he will follow Jesus. The commander of the armies of heaven will some day catch his ear and win his heart.

He is a hero by nature. Courage flows in his blood. It is his disposition to attack.

He has a genius for pulling down strongholds, and overcoming foes. He has been doing this for centuries. He has always created weapons adequate to his needs. He began with sticks and stones, he now uses dreadnoughts and 42-centimetre howitzers. Some day he will consecrate this fighting force to the overcoming of the cohorts of evil. He will use these talents in pulling down the institutions which obstruct human progress. He will turn the full strength of his genius against the customs which defile and the superstitions which enslave.

His soul is organized around the principle of self-sacrifice. It is easy for him to give up comfort and luxury, home and business, it is not difficult for him to lay down his life. All this he has been doing through thousands of years. How gladly and magnificently he can do it we have seen in the present war. Some day he will fight with equal tenacity of will, falsehood and wrong, and will bear witness to the truth though it leads to the cross.

He is a miracle worker by divine ordination. He does wonders by the forthputting of mystic forces which are locked up

within him. Thus far he has shown his strength most conspicuously in the art of destruction. He has created a huge war machine which is the greatest wonder of history. He has shown himself master of the science and art of devastation. Some day he will try his hand at the work of redemption. He will create a wonderful machine for saving the world. He will use billions of dollars in the work of irrigating deserts, and draining swamps, and fighting disease, and eradicating poverty, and slaying all the serpents by which humanity is tormented and plagued. He has genius sufficient to make the desert blossom as the rose, and he will do it.

For his power of coöperation is unlimited. Thus far he has been content to work by himself, or if he has organized groups the groups have been small. The corporations have not worked together, the syndicates have been at war with one another, even the churches have not known how to link their forces together in one vast effort to lift the world nearer God. Nations have been content to go each one along its separate way, and if two or more have united, it has been for the purpose of safeguarding

themselves against the attacks of other combinations.

But the war has given us a new vision of the boundless possibilities of union. If the right wing and the left wing and the centre can unite in Germany and in France under the pressure of a great war, if the conservatives and radicals can come together in Russia in a common desire to safeguard the life of a little kingdom to the South, if Tories and Liberals in Great Britain can forget the Irish question and unite in an effort to avenge the wrong perpetrated on Belgium, then why should we despair of any needed combination of political forces, no matter how impossible the condition may appear. If men can soar in time of war above the prejudices and wranglings of party politics, then some time they will learn to do this in time of peace. The day is coming when the people will demand solely the best men for office, and the question will be not what will advance the party but what will best conserve the highest interests of mankind.

And why after this should we be so skeptical in regard to the possibilities of ecclesiastical coöperation. The divisions

of Christianity are an open scandal. The impotency of organized Christianity in the realm of international policy and life is due to the fact that the Church is divided. The Greek church will have nothing to do with the Roman church, and the Roman church will have nothing to do with the Anglican church, and the Anglican church will have little to do with the nonconformist churches, and the nonconformist churches have never studied with enthusiastic heart the art of living together. The result is that we have an enormous amount of Christian sentiment in the world, but we lack the ability to concentrate this sentiment at the points where it will mould public policy and put an end to ancient wrongs. The war has taught us that it is possible for men to come together in spite of inherited prejudices and customs and traditions which clash. If Lutherans and Mohammedans can unite in fighting for what they consider the welfare of the world, and Shintoists and Anglicans can fight together for what they consider the liberty of nations, it is incredible that Christians of every name cannot come together, not to subscribe to the same credal statements,

and not to subject themselves to the same ecclesiastical discipline, but to coördinate their forces in an organized movement for the enthronement in society of the principles proclaimed by Jesus Christ. If men, wide apart in religious views, can bend their energies in time of war to the accomplishment of a common task, then surely men of different interpretations of the Christian writings can unite their minds and hearts in an effort to bring this world to God.

There can be a union of churches and there can also be a union of nations. We have long had a family of nations in name: we can now have a family of nations in fact. If five world powers of diverse temperaments and traditions can combine for the purpose of carrying on a great war, then why should not six world powers unite, or even seven, for the purpose of establishing perpetual peace. If to the league of five nations already working together there can be added two more, Germany and the United States, then war would not be likely to trouble the world any more. What nations can do in war, they can also do in peace.

The war teaches us to believe in man. It was Mirabeau who once said to a man who had told him that a certain thing was impossible—"Never mention to me again that blockhead of a word." Let us beware in the future how we use the word impossible. They said it was impossible to end the black plague, and then men said it was impossible to break the force of smallpox, and then they said it was impossible to wipe out yellow fever, and then they said it was impossible to abolish slavery, and now they are saying that it is impossible to abolish war. Away with that blockhead of a word *impossible*. When the disciples made use of it Jesus replied—with God all things are possible, that is, united with God, fulfilling God's will, using God's power, we are able to bring to pass everything that God wants done. Man can overcome every evil against which he sets his mind.

Through the smoke of battle I see a fairer world. Across the fields of blood there streams the light of a brighter day. Over the tops of the feeble little churches in Asia Minor, all stained and marred, Paul saw the glory of a church without spot or

wrinkle or any such thing. John, looking out upon a world tempest tossed and despairful, saw coming down out of heaven the city of God. Jesus of Nazareth, in the presence of the cross, while the world hissed at Him, and spat its venom in His face, calmly declared: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." He is doing it. The work is proceeding now. The nations will one day serve one another, and every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord indeed.

LECTURE III

THE INEXORABLENESS OF MORAL LAW

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WHEN one looks out upon a continent deluged with human blood, the question leaps to his lips which Gideon asked centuries ago: "If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of?" The question "Why?" has been during these recent months on our lips a thousand times. We have punctuated our reading of the newspaper accounts of carnage with—Why? We have sighed it, and cried it, and moaned it. We have woven it into our prayers.

With us Christians it has been an agonizing question because we are committed to the belief that God lives and reigns, and that He is a God of love. But the heart keeps asking, Where is He? Where was He when the shells screamed and burst over the heads of the multitude of men,

women, and children who streamed forth from falling Antwerp? Where was He when Poland was swept with fire and sword? Where was He when the *Lusitania* sank? Where was He when the Turkish butchers piled up the bodies of the Armenian dead?

The man of the world has also had his perplexity. He, too, has asked Why? Science has trained all of us to think of the universe as being governed according to law. We cannot easily think of any phenomenon without seeking its cause. We cannot readily believe that events are unrelated. The sequence of things which happen is what it is, for a reason. When a planet refused to keep in the orbit which the astronomer had traced, he had no rest day or night until he had found an explanation for this singular behaviour. It was the perturbation of Uranus which led to the finding of Neptune. Men had for generations died of yellow fever at Panama, and when the Scientist got on the field he proceeded to investigate the cause of the fever. Cancer continues to slay its victims, and in laboratories all over the world trained investigators are zealously working, de-

termined to find the cause. We cannot allow anything in this world of ours to remain unexplained. We wrestle with it and refuse to let it go until it surrenders to us its secret. It is impossible to stand before a phenomenon so vast and appalling as is this European war, without asking the question: "Why has all this befallen us?"

There are various possible explanations. We might say that the war is due to chance. It happened. The universe is a great wheel of fortune, and the dice happened to come out in this particular way. History is a great gamble, and just now we are having a bad streak of luck. The world is a huge kaleidoscope, kept turning ceaselessly in hands we do not see, and one can never tell one moment into what new combinations the human beads are going to fall. The solar system began in a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and the present war is another illustration of the haphazard way in which the cosmos stumbles blindly along its way. That is a possible explanation, but it is so repugnant to the modern mind that we may dismiss it without serious consideration.

Or we may say that the war is due to

accident. Accidents do happen, and this is one of them. The European nations were climbing the slippery slope of the Matterhorn of civilization, and the foot of one of them slipping, it fell, dragging with it all the others, and so now you behold eleven of them plunging headlong into the abyss! It is an explanation which will not commend itself to many of us.

We might say that the war is due to fate. All things are in the grip of a mysterious law which compels all men to be what they are and all events to happen as they do. Nobody is responsible for what he does, nobody can be justly censured for what comes to pass. This war was an irrepressible conflict. There was no possible escape. Human wisdom and foresight could not have prevented it. Serbia had to be where she is and she had to do what she did. The same is true of all the other nations. They had to exist, they had to grow, they had to give offense, and finally they had to fight. The destiny of nations is shaped by factors unforeseen and incalculable.

This was the old Greek idea. "Beyond and above the Olympian gods," as Froude

says, "lay the silent, brooding fate, of which victim and tyrant were alike the instruments." The idea finds classic expression in the marble group of Laocoon and his two sons. Two serpents swim in from Tenedos, and encircling the father and his sons crush them to death. It was easy for the ancients to believe in the three goddesses by whose will one's character and career are determined. One of them spins the thread of life, the second determines its length, the third cuts it off.

This fancy of an inscrutable and irresistible fate has had a strange fascination for the human mind. It has haunted the imagination of many generations. The sanest thinkers of our modern world have repudiated it. Shakespeare tramples on it again and again in his plays. Listen to Cassius:

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Listen to Edmund in "King Lear":

"This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on."

John Milton expressed the conviction of the best minds of the seventeenth century when he said:

"Necessity or chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate."

Samuel Johnson spoke not only for the eighteenth century, but for all centuries when he exclaimed: "I know I am free, and that is the end of it!"

But while we have outgrown the pagan superstition of fatalism in our own individual life, the idea still lingers in circles which discuss international relations. There are philosophers who still live in the twilight of the old Greek mythology. There are university professors so belated as to teach that this war came by fate.

One finds occasionally in magazines such nonsense as this: "All great wars are fated." If they are fated, then we are not responsible for them! This is the excellent foppery of a benighted section of the learned world. If we should find a Teuton and a Slav firing at one another in the street, and if on being asked to stop, both should reply that they were fated to do just what they were doing, the policeman would promptly escort them to the jail in order that they might meditate on their absurd philosophy. But when millions of Slavs and millions of Teutons fall to killing one another, men who have a reputation for sanity and the power of thought, begin to tell us that such conduct could not have been avoided. This is the excellent foppery of befuddled professors, that nations become butchers by necessity, brigands and incendiaries by heavenly compulsion, perpetrators of damnable atrocities by a divine thrusting on! This war is not a monster serpent which has swum in from some infernal Tenedos hidden in the mists of the dark and all-surrounding sea. We must seek an explanation more rational.

We might say that war is a school which God opens from time to time for the education of mankind in those virile and conquering virtues in which He delights. War is a feature of the educational program prescribed by the Almighty. It is not an elective, but belongs to the list of compulsory studies. No nation can escape it. It imparts a discipline to be obtained in no other way. This is the teaching of a school of philosophers who, disliking the terminology of Greek mythology, steal phrases from the vocabulary of religion. Some men are greatly impressed when told that war is according to the will of God.

But let us unroll this theory before the face of Jesus of Nazareth, the man who came into the world to teach men of a heavenly Father who is infinite in tenderness and gentleness and love. Let us think of this "school of virtue" in the presence of the man who claimed to have in him the very spirit of God, so that he did not hesitate to say: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Jesus burned like a furnace in the presence of injustice and cruelty. His eyes flashed fire when He saw one

man hurt another, even with words. He could not see a woman wronged, or a child mistreated, without His soul standing up in vehement protest. He was always sympathetic, affectionate, forgiving. His hands were stretched out not to harm but to heal. His life was given not to destroy but to save. He assured men that He did always the things which were pleasing to God. He declared that He was the way to God. He stood before them saying: "I have given you an example."

With the figure of Jesus Christ before us, how dare any man say that war is a school of virtue established by God? How dare he say that human butchery is a divine ordinance for the purpose of building up in men the dispositions of Jesus Christ? Go through the hospitals of Europe and look on the scenes which they present: boys with their legs and arms torn off; other boys with their eyes jabbed out; other boys with their skulls broken and their brains oozing out; other boys with their abdomen ripped open and their bowels protruding; stand in the presence of human beings beaten into pulp by the instruments of war, and say if you can: "This is divinely foreordained,

This is the approved method of our Heavenly Father."

The man who says that war is a device chosen by the Almighty for the education of man tramples on the Christian religion. He is a blasphemer. He is worse than an atheist. Better believe in no God at all than in one who has the mind of a fiend. If there is a revelation of God in Jesus Christ, then we can be certain that God hates the mailed fist, He despises shining armour, He loathes all the pomp and circumstance of war. The Hebrew prophet told his countrymen that God despised their feast days, and took no interest in the incense of their solemn assemblies. He would not accept any of their sacrificial offerings. Their religious songs were an abomination to Him. What He wanted was righteousness. If God really speaks to us in Christ, then we may be certain that He says to the nations of our day: "I hate your target practice, I despise your bayonet drills, your military efficiency is an abomination to me. Take away the gilded foolery of the barracks and the bloody atrocity of the battlefield!"

What shall we say then of war? If it is

not due to chance or to accident or to fate or to the good pleasure of God, how are we to account for it? Why not think it is retribution? Why not consider it as penalty for violated law? Why not meditate upon it as the content of one of the vials of the wrath of God? Jesus Christ speaks of weeping and gnashing of teeth. He says that certain persons will be beaten with many stripes. He pictures a fire into which transgressors are thrown. May it not be that Europe has been brought to judgment to answer for the deeds done in the body, and that the warring nations are now in what the New Testament calls Gehenna?

To my mind this is the most rational of all the interpretations of the war, and also the most comforting. If this war came by chance, then I am discouraged. If we are living in a universe in which things are so loosely managed that an avalanche like this can fall upon us without cause, then life is not worth living. Why go on and make plans for the future?

If the war is due to accident, then the same accident might happen again. If it is due to fate, then why struggle any

longer? If we are doomed to undergo such a catastrophe by a power which we can neither understand nor overcome, then the outlook is disheartening. We are without hope in the world.

If the war is the wise provision of God for the cultivation of virtues and graces, then how can we worship Him? If He can devise no better way for the refining of the human heart than the periodic slaughtering of multitudes of young men, then I for one refuse to bend my knee to Him. How can the heart adore a God who employs the methods of a savage?

But if the war is the consequence of freedom which has been abused, if it is the natural consequence of long-continued and outrageous sinning, if it is the harvest of seeds which men have long been sowing, then, however we may be pained and horrified by the tragedy in which Europe writhes, we can hold up our head and face the future undaunted. If the present distress is the result of sinning, then Europe can repent and sin no more. We Christians have long believed that the Lord God is merciful and gracious, long-suffering in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for

thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and if we are now finding out in a fresh and terrible way that he will by no means clear the guilty, and that he visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children unto the third and to the fourth generation, we need not be cast down or plunged into despair, but should rather rejoice that we are living in a moral universe, controlled by one who is altogether righteous, and knowing this we shall gird ourselves and work with rekindled zeal to bring all men to repentance. The war calls us, trumpet-tongued, to make enlarged sacrifices for the advancement of the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy.

The greatest conception lodged in the human mind in the nineteenth century was the inexorableness of law. Men in other centuries had caught glimpses of the great fact, but in the nineteenth century it took possession of the popular mind. The greatest gift presented to us by modern science is the idea of a universe under the reign of law. Law, says Science, is universal. There is no lawless realm in the whole physical universe. Law is op-

erative at the equator and at the poles, on the top of the highest mountain and at the bottom of the deepest sea. The same laws which hold our little planet in their grip are also in force upon the sun and moon and upon the farthest of the stars. All the atoms of matter, so far as the Scientist has gotten his eyes upon them, are seen to be dancing in obedience to the music of a law that is universal and also without change. This unchangeableness of law is as wonderful as its universality. No law has ever yet been altered. Not one has for an instant been suspended. From everlasting to everlasting all laws remain the same. But this is not all. Law is universal, law is unchangeable, and law is inexorable. It has no pity. It makes no exceptions. It recognizes no distinctions. Gravitation, fire, water, electricity, poison, all work in the same way in all places, and with them there is no respect of persons. Every man of science has this for his creed—Law is universal, unchangeable, and inexorable.

But is the spiritual universe governed according to law? Are persons as well as atoms in the grip of laws which they can-

not escape? Are souls bound by unbreakable bonds to a throne? We are all ready to say yes within the circle of individual life. Jesus has announced principles which we accept as binding upon us in the home, in society, and in the church. He has set up standards which we acknowledge in the domain of our domestic and social life. He has revealed ideals which we confess to be beautiful, and up to which we strive with varying degrees of earnestness to bring our lives. But can we carry the ethics of Jesus into business? A multitude answer no! "Business is business," says the hard-headed merchant, "and the minister of Jesus Christ has no warrant for interfering with my methods of conducting my affairs. The Golden Rule is for Sunday Schools, but not for the counting house and store!" It is because the ministers of Christ have listened too often to this protest of godless business men that the world of business has been cursed by a series of scandals which smell to heaven. Can the morality of Jesus be carried into politics? "Certainly not. The notion that you can obey the Ten Commandments in political life is an irri-

descent dream. Let the minister of Christ keep out of politics. The New Testament is for the sick room and not for the rooms in which men are moulding civic policies and programs." It is because too many ministers have turned their back on the great world of political thought and discussion that politics has in so many cities become rotten and disgraced us in the eyes of the world.

Can the principles of Jesus be carried into the arena of international life? Can diplomats and statesmen wisely act on the ideas which the Man of Galilee proclaimed? Are the virtues which He recommended vices in the realm of diplomacy? Are the graces which He praised to be condemned when seen in prime ministers and rulers? Jesus spoke often of patience and humility and forbearance and the willingness to forgive. Is this salutary teaching for Parliaments and Kings, or is it intended for use solely in the home? The New Testament emphasizes the tremendous importance of gentleness, and long-suffering, and meekness. Are such traits of character commendable in the chancellories of the world?

One need only to glance at the history of European diplomacy to discover that Europe has never been Christian in the realm of political ideal and action. She has remained through all the centuries miserably pagan. Her fundamental principle has been always self-interest. She has never recognized the principle of love. Many of the most influential political teachers and leaders, such as Machiavelli, Frederick the Great, Napoleon I, and Disraeli, have been pagans to the core. The prime ministers and diplomats have been baptized into the name of Jesus, but they have said in the realm of political action, "we will not have this man to rule over us!" Jesus was frank and open, but European diplomacy has been secret and underhanded. Jesus despised the love of dominion, but dominion has been the prime ambition of European diplomats. Jesus counselled patience, but the leaders of Europe have believed that a nation should strike first and hard. Jesus believed in gentleness, but the Lords of European statecraft have believed in diplomatic pressure, meaning by that a pressure of guns. Most of the Rulers and

statesmen of Europe have partaken regularly of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but they have crucified Jesus Christ in their action. They have said what the crowd said on the day of the crucifixion: "Not this man, but Barabbas!"

It was out of this unchristian conception of national life that there came the pernicious policy of armed peace. It was a pagan world which coined the adage: "In time of peace prepare for war," and Christian Europe would never have adopted it had she been Christian in her political thought. For forty years Europe used up a large part of her income on guns and battleships. Nations hold their wealth as stewards of God. He does not entrust them with wealth that it may be squandered on instruments devised for the slaughter of beings created in His image. For this sin of wasting gold Europe now stands before the judgment throne. For forty years a large part of the mental energy of the great nations of Europe went into the construction of gigantic war machines. The military and naval establishments grew larger and larger. They were a vampire sucking the

blood of the people. All the nations of Europe have for years been nervous and excitable and sick, because of this constant and weakening drain on the fountains of vitality. Millions of men have been obliged to throw away the best years of their life in military and naval drill. For this squandering of time, Europe now is judged. In order to keep up armies and navies, it was necessary for the governments of Europe to rob their people. There has been a soldier on every peasant's back. In some countries all movements for social betterment were held up. Schools were closed. Children were deprived of an education that soldiers might be fed. The body was starved and so was the mind. Thousands of Europeans have been fleeing from Europe in order to escape the crushing burden. Multitudes of them have come to our own shores. A constant stream has been flowing for a quarter of a century into our Republic from southeastern Europe. Who could stand at Ellis Island and look into the faces of these strangers and not be touched with pity and indignation. Backs bent, eyes with the light of hope almost

extinguished, faces marked by deep lines which poverty and suffering engrave, in many instances the very skulls trampled out of shape by the boots of the war lords of Europe!

But the war lords are not the only sinners. The ministers of the Christian church must also stand condemned. What did they say about this wicked squandering of the people's money? What protest did they offer to this shameless and grinding oppression of the helpless and the poor? What thunderbolt of condemnation and warning did they hurl at rulers and statesmen? For the most part they were silent. In Russia the priests were dumb dogs. In Italy and Austria the Roman Catholic priests were speechless. In Germany the Lutheran pulpit was gagged. In England the Anglican pulpit gave forth a tone feeble and uncertain. Even the nonconformist leaders, with numerous notable exceptions, failed to get their eye on this heinous and damning sin.

The Educators were also culprits. They knew many things, but they did not know the one thing which it was most necessary

that they should know. They boasted of their "higher" learning, but their learning did not carry them high enough to see what is the will and way of God. They were "advanced" thinkers, but they failed to advance to where Jesus stood when He preached the Sermon on the Mount. They were aware of the fact that Copernicus had taken the earth out of the central place, substituting the sun, but they did not realize that God has put Jesus of Nazareth and not Mars at the centre, and has decreed that all nations must bow to Him. The leaders of Europe—political, ecclesiastical, and educational—were blind, and alas, the nations are all in a ditch. If men cannot see that the systematic and continuous squandering of human energy and thought on perfecting the methods of slaughter, is a sin against Almighty God, then they are certain, soon or late, to be overwhelmed by the destruction they deserve. The amazing thing is not that Europe is being drenched with blood, but that the affliction was so long postponed. Because of the protracted delay men became increasingly reckless until they boasted of armament as a badge of honour, and meas-

ured the glory of nations by their equipment for destruction.

For years the cry of the oppressed has gone to heaven—"O Lord, how long!" and men have been tempted to say in their hearts: There is no God! But at last He has laid bare His arm.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds He all."

Take down your Bible and read what it says on the subject of retribution. Every sentence shines with a deeper meaning when read in the glare of this European conflagration. How suddenly the war came! It had often been predicted, but nobody realized it was at the door. A hundred thousand Americans, fearing nothing, were on a pleasure tour through Europe when in an instant the sky blackened and the lightnings began to flash. Europeans were as amazed as were the Americans. Rulers and prime ministers were off on their summer holiday, and in the twinkling of an eye the volcano belched fire. The judgments of God are long de-

layed, but when they fall they fall as the lightning does. So it was in the days of Noah, and so it was in the century in which Jerusalem was destroyed, and so it was in the eighteenth century when France took fire and the old régime was consumed, and so it was in the year 1914 when the greatest of all wars began.

The Bible tells us that there is such a thing as a "Too Late." We had read about it, but it was only a story which we dimly understood. In August of 1914 we saw the meaning as we had never seen it before of the parable of the virgins who were foolish. What earnest efforts were made in July to ward off the horrifying catastrophe. One cannot read the diplomatic correspondence of those feverish, distracted days without concluding that in all the countries honest hearts sincerely desired to keep the feet of Europe in the paths of peace. Sir Edward Grey suggested a tribunal. But it was too late. Peace tribunals must be constructed before men's hearts become wild with fear. In Russia and Germany and England and France there was an effort to secure just a little time for reflection and conference,

but no time was given. It was too late. The boat, long risking the rapids, was caught by a current which could not be stemmed. Will you ever forget how helpless you felt in that awful hour when you realized that Europe was rushing to her doom? You turned to the right and the left in search of some one strong to deliver, but you found none. You went forward and then backward, but there was none to save. You looked heavenward, but even God's face seemed to be averted. The patience of the Almighty can be exhausted and there comes a time when He leaves men and nations to drink the cup of His wrath.

The awfulness of the punishment cannot be put into words, for it passes beyond the comprehension of the mind. The tragedy of the war is so vast we cannot take it in. The horror of it is so immeasurable that it leaves us stunned. We only know that Europe is being beaten with many stripes, that she has been cast into the darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. We know that the nations have been cast into Gehenna and the smoke of their torment goes up before our eyes day and

night. It is indeed an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, unless you are in harmony with His will. It is true, as the Apostle says, that whatsoever we sow, that also we are certain to reap. Nations cannot escape the consequences of their sins. There is a judgment throne before which they must stand. Paul was not mistaken when he said that however nations might have lived in the Past, God now calls all men to Repentance, for He will judge the nations by that man whom He has ordained, the man who rode into Jerusalem on the back of an ass, and who died upon the cross declaring that by His exhibition of self-sacrificing love He was going to draw all men unto Him.

Some of us must now rewrite our theology. It has been too sentimental. It has lacked moral stamina and grip. We have been misled by false ideas of what love is and what love does. Because Jesus declared that God is a loving Father we have assumed that He has no moral character and that men may disobey His commands with impunity. The idea of suffering has been abhorrent to us and we have not been

able to reconcile the love of God with the wrath of God. The war reveals the foolishness of much of our thinking. God is indeed a God of love, but He does not shrink from permitting men to suffer. He does not draw back from death. He is willing that men, if they break His law, shall suffer the full consequences of their misconduct. He will permit whole nations to writhe in agony, if they persistently defy His will. Nations which sin beyond forgiveness are simply blotted out. The phrases of the New Testament are more than poetic figures of speech. They paint awful and eternal realities. Why should we be reluctant to acknowledge this inexorableness of moral law, or hesitate to proclaim it to all who are willing to hear? The Scientist has no hesitation in declaring the unchangeableness and inexorableness of the laws which run through the physical creation; why should we shrink from declaring the unchangeableness and inexorableness of the laws which run through the universe of souls? We live in a moral universe. We are in the grip of moral laws. There is a stone, and he who falleth on it shall be broken to pieces, and

on whomsoever it shall fall, it will scatter him as dust. The Euphrates valley and the banks of the Nile bear solemn testimony to the fact that mighty empires can be scattered as dust. The continent of Europe is now proclaiming that "great powers" can be broken to pieces.

One cannot discuss a problem like this without stirring questions which clamour for an answer. How are we going to account for the suffering of the women and children who have had nothing to do with the policy which has precipitated the war? How account for the suffering of the young men in the trenches who also are not at all responsible for the statecraft of Europe? How explain the suffering of Belgium which had no quarrel either with France or with Germany, and whose chief offence was happening to lie between the territories of two hereditary foes?

The answer to these questions is that not all suffering in this world is due to the guilt of those who suffer. There is an entire book of the Old Testament devoted to the task of freeing us from the erroneous idea that if a man is overtaken by calamity it

is because of his own sins. In the New Testament the spectacle of Jesus of Nazareth—a man without sin—dying on the cross, makes it forever clear that God permits men to suffer and die for no fault of their own. There is such a thing as vicarious suffering. Some suffer for others. The innocent are swept down with the guilty. The virtuous suffer for the wicked.

We cannot go through the world picking out the men who suffer because of their sins and separating them from the men who suffer for the sins of others. We only know that in a world like this, all human beings are linked together. Human lives are intertwined and interlaced inextricably. Parents and children are bound together by bonds so vital and intricate that the children must suffer with the parents and the parents must suffer with the children. Millions of children suffer in body all the days of their earthly life for the disobedience of their parents, and multitudes of parents have their hearts torn and their lives darkened and shortened by the sins of their children. Citizens of a community must suffer for the sins of their

fellow-citizens, and nations must pay the penalty of sins committed by their neighbours. It must be, so long as the world is what it is, that the innocent cannot escape suffering with the wicked, and that the just must suffer affliction with the unjust. It is only through this vicarious suffering that human progress becomes possible. Were not noble men willing to suffer the loss of all things for the sake of mankind, the world could not get on. Great principles march on to their coronation only through the sacrifices and agonies of those who are determined that they shall be established in the hearts and homes of men. Gigantic evils are beaten down and enormous wrongs are righted only by the painful efforts of those who love righteousness. Noble institutions are founded and made glorious by the heroic self-denials of dedicated hearts. The world is so constructed that one man cannot suffer without others suffering with him, nor can one nation suffer without its neighbours being afflicted also. One man cannot sin without other men bearing a part of the consequences of his sin, nor can one nation trample on the laws of the Eternal without

bringing tribulation on its own head and also on the heads of the nations round about. If one nation dresses like a rowdy, equipping itself with murderous weapons, building strategic railways to all its frontiers, practising day and night on land and on sea and in the air, the art of slaughter, then other nations must also similarly equip themselves, for no one nation can be permitted to strut in armour before the face of its unprotected neighbours. Thus can one nation by a vicious example lead another nation into paths which run down to the chambers of death. A group of nations can become so enmeshed in the network of false philosophy and mistaken policy that all of them will slide to destruction.

The question of comparative guilt is one which only the Almighty can fairly deal with. We men are victims of prejudice and passion, and are so knit up with one or another of the belligerent nations by racial and commercial ties, that it is impossible for us to judge the contestants with an unbiased and impartial mind. As to which nation is most to blame for the present tragedy, good and true men are sharply divided. Each nation can point

to the sins of the others. The fact is that none of the nations have clean hands. There is none of them righteous, no, not one. The record of every one of them has crimson stains. Not one is free from the sins of greed and cruelty and uncharitableness. It is not difficult to understand how each one of the nations at war convinces itself that it is in the right, and is fighting for the defence of principles which are essential to the well-being of the world. It is not for us then to apportion the guilt, meting out to each nation the exact share of the blame it deserves. The judge of all the earth must do that! This does not mean that we are to form no opinion whatever, and arrive at no conclusion in regard to which nation is most responsible for the precipitation of the present war. The diplomatic correspondence lies before us, and most of us have decided where the deepest guilt lies. But when one goes behind the immediate occasion of the war, and plunges into that complex of forces by whose creation this explosion was made possible, he finds himself facing a problem too intricate for the finite intellect to deal with, and there is nothing to do but leave

each one of the sinners in the hands of God.

Nor can we confidently assert which class of men in each nation should bear the heavier burden of condemnation. The rulers are not guiltless. Some of them have long acted the fool. Nor are the diplomats and statesmen free from blame. Many of them have been morally stupid and spiritually blind. Nor are the ministers of the Christian church, nor the professors of the universities, nor the editors of the great newspapers, nor the manufacturers of munitions, nor the lords of finance, nor the kings of trade free from guilt. They have all failed to do things which they ought to have done, and they have all done things which ought never to have been done, and who will receive the heaviest condemnation at the Judgment it is not for us to say or know. We can only be sure that a monstrous sin has been committed. The law of God has been outrageously disregarded. The principles of Christ have been recklessly trampled on. Men have rushed blindly forward as though there were no God. The sin was not committed by any one man, or by any

small group of men. It was committed by thousands and tens of thousands. It was a national, a continental sin. It was not committed on one day, or in any one week, or month, or year. It was a continuous sin, committed through more than one entire generation. No isolated sin committed in a moment of time could bring such fire as this from heaven. The transgression has been desperate and long-continued, the iniquity has been piled up higher and higher, year by year, until at last the forces of retributive justice were released and a continent was shattered! The one fact never to be blinked or forgotten is that war is due to sin. The apostle James wrote the final word on the subject when he said: "Whence come wars, and whence come fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust and have not, ye kill and covet, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war; ye have not because ye ask not." The prayer which Europe should pray is the prayer of the Psalmist: "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my transgressions; and my sin

is ever before me. Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight."

But while we speak thus freely of the sin of Europe, let none of us imagine that the new world is more virtuous than the old. The new world and the old world are alike in their disobedience to God. There is no sin committed in Europe which is not also committed in America. The vices which flourish on the other side of the Atlantic flourish also here. The poison which runs in the blood there, runs in our own blood also. The selfishness and greed which have been the curse of Europe are also our disgrace and scourge. There are no false ideas taught in Europe which do not have defenders under our own flag. There are no mischievous policies defended by the militarists of the Old world which do not have ardent advocates in the New. The chief difference between America and Europe is that Europe is older than America. Her opportunity for transgression has been more extended than ours. She planted her seed long ago, and now the time of her harvest has come. "The lust when it hath conceived beareth

sin, and the sin when it is full grown, bringeth forth death." The sin in Europe was full grown: in America it is growing. For Europe a day of judgment has arrived: ours awaits us in the future.

Let us not then think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, or thank God that we are not as other nations are. The great war should not be considered a reason for self-complacency. It is an exhortation to repentance. Disaster upon others is no evidence that they are worse than we. "Think ye that those Galileans whose blood was mingled by Pilate with the sacrifices, were sinners above all the Galileans? I tell ye Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all in like manner perish. Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and killed them, think ye that they were offenders above all the men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The great war is a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness: "Make ye ready the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." Now is the time to ponder Peter's great declaration: "Jesus Christ is the stone which was set at nought by

your builders, which was made the head of the corner. And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

LECTURE IV

WHAT ARMED PEACE LEADS TO

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BY armed peace is meant that policy of international life in vogue in Europe during the last hundred years, and more especially during the last half century. It is the policy by which each nation safeguards its honour and its vital interests by huge military and naval establishments. By this policy a nation becomes an army, and a country an armed camp. Its motto is "Preparedness," its creed is "In time of peace prepare for war," and its ruling ambition is to make and to keep for itself a place in the sun by an imposing display of guns.

Never have the stars looked down upon a spectacle more pathetic than that which Europe has presented during the last fifty years. Europe has been professedly Christian. The continent is dotted with cathedrals, erected to the glory of the world's supreme teacher of goodwill. But

around every cathedral have flashed glittering lines of bayonets. Within the cathedrals, worship baptized into the name of Jesus of Nazareth, has been carried on, while outside their doors another ritual, still more elaborate and magnificent, has been conducted, baptized into the spirit of Mars. The anthems sung in the cathedrals have been punctuated by the boom of guns engaged in target practice. Two forms of worship have been faithfully and enthusiastically supported—the worship of love and the worship of force. Two vast institutions have been standing side by side —the Christian Church and the national army. For fifty years the great nations of Europe have been spending a large part of their enormous revenues in preparedness for human slaughter. It is intimated that in this period forty billion dollars were thus expended. Everything in sight was taxed to meet the increasing military and naval budgets. Certain nations unable to pay for armour by the taxation of the present, have mortgaged the property and labour of generations yet unborn. Governments have reluctantly taken clothing off the peasant's back, and food off his table,

and deprived his children of an education, all in the interest of military preparedness. The time of millions of men has been spent in marching and countermarching, drilling and fighting sham battles, some of the best years of their life devoted to this task of perfecting themselves in the art of human slaughter. The energy of thousands of brains has been poured into the work of equipping nations for the field of battle. Some have worked upon ships, others on guns, others on explosives, others on aëroplanes, others on maps, others on schemes of espionage, others on fortifications, a great army of inventors and designers and engineers and chemists and machinists have consecrated their genius to the construction of a war machine more efficient and wonderful than the world had ever known.

And all this was done for the safeguarding of the peace of Europe. Every battleship was launched in the interests of peace, every battalion was drilled to make peace more certain. Burdens, heavy and grievous to bear, were rolled on the nations that they might be saved from the horrors of war. The people submitted to numberless

sacrifices all for the sake of peace. All the rulers of Europe have been defenders of military preparedness because they believed that only by this policy could the peace of Europe be secured. They were, no doubt, honest in this belief. All the diplomats and statesmen have asked for army and naval appropriations on the ground that these were necessary for peace. It is incredible that all these men were deceivers. The military and naval leaders in all the countries have advocated colossal armies and navies because only by these could peace be certainly secured. We are bound to believe that they were honest men. It is unthinkable that all the rulers and diplomats and prime ministers and army and naval officials of Europe have been liars and hypocrites, secretly desiring war, while all the time professing devotion to peace. The leaders of Europe honestly believed that armed peace is the best possible policy for the world in its present stage of development, and so, for more than forty years they toiled, in season and out of season, to prepare themselves against war. That is one fact which must not be blinked. Europe for a half

century prepared for war. The second fact, equally vivid and indisputable, is that Europe got what she prepared for. That is a fact which every rational human being must face. No one should be allowed to juggle with it, or to cover it up, or to explain it away. Europe prepared for war, and she got what she prepared for. The first is plowed into European history, the second is written in characters of fire across the sky, and in lines of graves across the land. Europe wanted peace. Europe paid for peace. Europe got war. She made gigantic preparedness for war. She got the most gigantic war of history. Military preparedness does not, then, lead to peace. Armed peace leads to war. This is the crowning lesson of the European tragedy. Men who are blear-eyed talk about the failure of Christianity. Why do they not rather talk about the failure of militarism? Men who hate socialism sneer at the failure of socialism. Why do they not rather sneer at the failure of militarism? It is militarism which is the colossal booby and blunderbus of the world. What has this war shot to pieces? This adage: "In time of peace prepare for war." What

has the war torn into a thousand tatters? This delusion: "Armaments are a guarantee of peace." What has the war ground to powder? This silly sophism: "Armaments are a form of national insurance." What has the war demonstrated? The impotency of expanding armaments to keep the peace. Armed peace as a philosophy is false, and as a policy it is costly and ruinous. Armed peace is a delusion, a scourge, and a proved failure. This is the supreme lesson which the great war is teaching. Every moral teacher in America ought to do what he can to rub that lesson into the minds of men.

That the war teaches the futility of military preparedness is vehemently denied of course by all who idolize force. The one lesson, they say, which the war is teaching America, is that preparedness is our only salvation, and that the new world must now adopt the policy which has overwhelmed the old. Many men are saying this: "Military preparedness worked well, for it held Europe back from a great war for forty-three years. Without her huge armaments the great powers of Europe would have fought long ago. It was her guns and bat-

tle ships which gave Europe tranquillity through more than forty years." And in order to bolster up this contention, the militarist turns back to preceding centuries, and points out the fact that never before did Europe enjoy so prolonged a season of peace. If Europe for nearly a half century was saved from the desolating scourge of a great war, the inference is that this was due to the potency of military preparedness.

The answer to this is that there was peace through forty years not because of the armaments, but in spite of them. In the nineteenth century the world passed into a new era. A humanitarian spirit took possession of the hearts of men. All the peoples of Europe became peace-loving. There are no bellicose people in Europe. The masses of the people in every land are amiable, and affable, and haters of carnage. They desire nothing so much as to live their lives in quietness and do their work in peace. France, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was wild with ambition for military glory, closed the century by writing the name of Pasteur above that of Napoleon the First.

All the rulers of Europe within the last fifty years have been peace lovers. Not one of them has had the warrior spirit of earlier times. Commerce has bound the continents together by lines of ships, and the cities together by bands of steel and electric wires, bringing the nations into such intricate and vital relations to one another that war has become more and more, in the thought of sane-minded men, a nuisance and inexcusable blunder. And then the peace propaganda has been doing a mighty work. The Interparliamentary Union is only one of many organizations at work in these recent years to bind the nations closer together. The programme of friendly visits, by which representative men of one country were entertained by representative men of another country, was carried out for years with increasing enthusiasm and success. New treaties were signed from time to time, each succeeding treaty phrased with a more earnest desire to safeguard the peace. There were two conferences at The Hague. A Palace of Peace was erected. Great foundations were established to carry on in all lands the work of fostering the spirit

of international goodwill. Thousands of men and women have been at work through the last forty years to bring the governments of Europe into a more friendly temper, and nothing but a most tremendous force could have swept away all the barriers against war which have been piled up, and snapped all the bonds of friendship which have been woven, and overcome all the devices which have been created for conserving the peace, and that force was generated in the huge military and naval establishments of the great powers. Armed peace did not hold back this war. It was held back for more than forty years by the men who love peace and work for it. But the peace workers were finally overcome by the vast engines of war. Military preparedness kills peace at last! Unless the world stops preparing for war, mankind is doomed.

But militarists are always prolific in ingenuities, and so some of them do not hesitate to contend that Europe was not prepared. "Had the nations all been prepared then the war would never have been. Adequate preparedness would have prevented this holocaust." So runs the argu-

ment, and one would laugh outright at it, were it not presented with a sober face by honourable men.

It is true that Europe had not yet procured everything which was conceivable, but she had provided everything which she could afford. She had not laid in a stock of material sufficient to carry her through an extended war, but she had laid in all she could pay for. Just before the war opened, the high officials of Great Britain reviewed the British fleet. There were twenty-eight miles of fighting ships, the greatest display of sea power since history began, and the British papers were aglow with the conviction that the British Empire was prepared. France had expended hundreds of millions of dollars on her forts, and had increased the period of military service from two years to three. Her military budget had been made as heavy as her people would endure. Russia within a few years had borrowed a hundred million dollars from France, most of it going into forts and guns. When one lays before him the expenditures of Great Britain and France and Russia for preparedness during the twenty years preceding

the war, he is convinced, that if, after so vast an expenditure, the preparedness was inadequate, then anything like adequate preparedness in a world like this is clearly impossible. If these three nations were not prepared, then neither was Germany. For Germany made a desperate effort to reach Paris by way of Belgium, and failed. If Great Britain and France were unprepared at the opening of the war then so also was Germany, for Germany did not possess the men or the equipment to enable her to drive her way through to Paris. To say that Europe was not prepared is consummate foolishness. European governments had spent on preparedness every dollar they could get their hands on, and some of them had gone deeply in debt. After Germany had driven one-third of her people into socialism and had screwed the last possible mark out of the pockets of the complaining taxpayer, she had gone into the purses of her aristocracy and taken out three hundred million dollars, all that she might have the satisfaction of being "ready." Great Britain had pushed up her preparedness budget from one hundred and fifteen million dollars to

three hundred and fifty-five millions in 1913. All the nations were prepared. They had provided themselves, up to the level of their financial ability, with the latest and most expensive instruments of destruction, and in the month of August, 1914, they all said with one accord—"We are ready!" It was their readiness that precipitated the war. Sir Edward Grey at the eleventh hour attempted to improvise a tribunal of peace, but it was too late. The engine of war, carefully perfected through forty industrious years, was ready, and because it was ready a breath of passion set it in motion.

But militarism has still another argument with which to deceive the unwary. It says that this is a commercial war. The cause of it is commercial greed. Great armaments have had nothing to do with bringing it on. Military and naval establishments are superficial phenomena, the product of mighty forces which lie concealed. The war is rooted, we are told, in a feverish desire for markets. Russia and Germany wanted to exploit the Balkan nations, and hence they are fighting. Germany and France wanted spheres of influ-

ence in North Africa, and hence they are at war. Great Britain and Germany were hungry for the commerce of the world, and this is why Zeppelins rain death on English cities, and Great Britain is trying to starve Germany. Militarism, then, is not at all responsible for the present catastrophe. The root cause is the greed of the trader!

The argument sounds plausible, but it will not stand the scrutiny of an unbiased mind. Nobody denies that commercial greed is one of the forces working mightily in our modern world. That the European nations have their ambitions and appetites is not to be denied. That commercial rivalries generate friction, and that friction may lead to a conflagration, is within the circle of things generally admitted. But just because of the presence and might of these national ambitions, it behooved the governments of Europe to use their reason in devising ways of steering civilization through the rapids. When inflammation is acute, we do not want the sore spots to be jabbed with pieces of metal. The fever must be reduced by remedies which have soothing in them. When the relations

of nations get into a knot, the knots cannot be untied by a mailed fist. The mailed fist only gets the threads into a more hopeless snarl. Modern civilization is so intricate and complicated that none of its problems can be solved by the introduction of a man with a club. Naked fingers, delicate and trained, are needed to straighten out the tangled threads, and if Europe had developed its fingers instead of its fists this war would never have been. The mailed fist is a nuisance in a world which wants to get on. Shining armour is a menace in a world which desires justice and peace. When two men fall into a dispute, they do not move toward a sensible solution by rushing off and buying revolvers. The revolvers only make the rational solution of the controversy more difficult. When two nations find themselves differing from each other in temper and ambition, the surest way of driving them farther apart is to lay in an additional stock of explosives. When the machine guns and the submarines have passed beyond a certain number, a reconciliation becomes impossible. Preparedness twists all the controversies of our modern world into a more

baffling knot, and lifts every inflammation to a higher heat. No one disputes the existence of racial antipathies, and national antagonisms, and commercial rivalries. These are concrete and solid facts, and must never be overlooked or minimized. But because these are facts, there is another fact which compels recognition, and that is the fact that military preparedness sharpens the antipathies, and deepens the antagonisms, and renders more dangerous the rivalries, throwing humanity into a mood of mind and heart in which it is not possible to deal with intricate and momentous international problems, except by the barbaric machinery of physical force. Let us insist upon it, therefore, that preparedness to shed blood leads to slaughter. That is the crowning lesson of the war.

Let us now examine more carefully the reasons why Armed Peace led to the war now raging, and why it is likely to lead to a similar catastrophe in whatever part of the world it is tried.

The fundamental assumption of the policy of armed peace is false. If you build on sand, your edifice is certain to fall. The

larger your building, the greater the destruction when it falls. Militarism is a materialistic interpretation of the world. Its basal doctrine is that government is foundationed on physical force. It assumes that physical force is the mightiest of all forces. This assumption granted, many other things follow. National strength is best expressed in naval tonnage. National prestige is most surely maintained by howitzers. National honour is most certainly safeguarded by dreadnoughts and aëroplanes. National defence lies in material fortifications. A nation's supreme duty is protecting itself. Selfishness is the only sound principle of national action. The efficacy of diplomacy depends on the calibre of the guns behind it. A nation is a world power only in proportion to the completeness of its military equipment. Nations are to be ranked by the size of their armies and navies.

All this is false. No Christian who is loyal to the teaching of his religion can admit any one of these assumptions. Government is not foundationed on physical force, but on reason. Government may at times make use of physical force, but phys-

ical force is not the basis of its life or the foundation of its power. The foundation of the family is not force, but reason. The father may coerce his child in rare and exceptional situations, but coercion is not the foundation on which family life is built. The universe is built not on physical force, but on reason. The mightiest forces in the world are not physical, but spiritual. Ideas are mightier than bullets, ideals than howitzers. Example is more potent than dreadnoughts. Love will accomplish more than lyddite. We are not under the reign of physical force. We live under a government of love. The heart of the universe is revealed in Jesus of Nazareth. He is the mightiest of world conquerors. Every knee is going to bow to Him, and every tongue is going to confess that He is indeed Master. If this be true, then nations are to be ranked according to their love of truth and justice. They will accomplish most by setting a Christ-like example. Their supreme function is to serve one another. Their security lies not in forts but in friendship. Militarism is a denial of the fundamental ideas of the Christian religion. Every nation which

accepts the militarist doctrines must end in ruin.

Starting with false assumptions, militarism makes its way by using diabolic methods. It systematically poisons the wells of international goodwill. It urges nations to arm in defence. To arm for aggression is now conceded to be base. No nation in Christendom is any longer exhorted to arm for the purpose of overthrowing other nations. Preparedness in the twentieth century is solely for defence. But to prepare to defend oneself against the attack of one's neighbours is to insult them. When a nation shouts from the housetop that it desires only justice, and that it does not covet an additional square foot of territory, and proceeds to load itself with deadly weapons, it says by its action that it considers its neighbours to be conscienceless desperadoes and villains, against whom it is necessary to be ever on its guard. Germany built up her army because the militarists of that Empire were constantly exciting men's fears of Russia and France. She built up her navy because the German Navy League was constantly arousing fresh suspicions of Great Britain.

The military establishment of Russia because of the damaging things which were said of Germany, and the equipment of France grew in the same way. Newspapers in the capitals of Europe went on, year after year, poisoning the springs of goodwill by publishing rumours and gossip, accusations and guesses, until at last the hatred was ripe and the guns belched fire. It is impossible to build up great military and naval establishments without the use of calumny. The militarists are the greatest slanderers in the world. Their business is to slander other nations.

It is impossible to build up a great army or navy in the United States without the use of calumny. Congress refuses additional appropriations until some foreign nation is slandered. To get a Pacific coast navy it is necessary to say that Japan is a despicable and unscrupulous nation, ready to steal everything she can get her hands on, and eager to snatch the Philippines, and Hawaii, and even California, at the first opportunity. To increase the Atlantic fleet and to secure additional battalions, it is necessary to slander Germany. Somebody must say that as soon as the

war is over she is going to turn her army loose on us. She will loot our cities, and carry our gold home to pay off her war expenses. The devil never has difficulty in finding slanderers, and he has no difficulty in finding gullible people who will gulp down the lies, however preposterous and silly. But armed peace cannot enlarge her house without the use of slander, and out of slander war soon or late emerges.

Militarism makes constant appeal to fear. Without fear she could do no mighty work. Faith and hope and love are not in her vocabulary. She fixes men's minds on the dismal and the base. Fear is the most unreasonable of all the passions of the soul. It is the most contagious, and it is also, when fully roused, the most destructive of them all. A horse is one of the most sensible of all creatures. We sometimes compliment a man by saying that he possesses an unusual measure of "horse sense." But a horse is not sensible when he is frightened. All his wits go from him the moment he is scared. It does not take much to frighten him, the fluttering of a piece of paper, the crackling of a stick, almost

any trifle will terrorize him, and set him into a gallop. Once frightened he cares not what he does. He will kill his master and his wife and their children, without compunction. He will dash into a stone wall, and break his own legs or neck. A horse is crazy when he is scared. And so is a child. A frightened child cannot be reasoned with. You may lay before him a hundred reasons why he should not be afraid, but he will continue to tremble. Men are like children in their inability to use their reason when obsessed by fear. Fear paralyzes the frontal lobes of the brain. Only the basal brain remains active. Men do not reason when they are scared. The governments of Europe have squandered for a generation the resources of their people because of their fright. Scaremongers have been abroad in every land, and they have caused the hearts of the people to tremble. Communities can go wild with fear, as Salem did near the close of the seventeenth century, and whole nations can fall the victim of hysteria. Army Leagues and Navy Leagues can, by the manipulation of the newspapers, fill with terror the public mind, and legislators

thus stampeded will plunge into wildest expenditures of national treasure. The action of Europe within the last forty years is absolutely inexplicable apart from the force of fear. Armaments are the creation of fear. The intenser the fear the greater the armament. It is an interesting fact that the nation which possesses the mightiest of navies had been on the verge of hysteria more than once within the five years preceding this war. In spite of all her ships she feared an invasion. The nation which possesses the most efficient army ever created was so delirious with fear in the summer of 1914, that she plunged into war without taking time to remember her solemn promises, or to think out a possible way toward peace. Armaments deepen fear, and fear has torment. The great nations of Europe have been in torment, lo these many years, and the cause of the torment is the multiplication of their guns.

Military preparedness can make no headway in the United States except by frightening people. The Army League and the Navy League and the Security League would be impotent could they not make a thrilling appeal to fear. War

scares are the only means of securing larger appropriations, and that is why war scares are so frequent. The European war has subjected our nerves to a tremendous strain. Men everywhere are in an excited frame of mind. This is the best of all times for the enlargement of the United States army and navy because fear can now be most easily increased. And so a great company of Brigadier-Generals and Colonels, Rear-Admirals and Commodores have rushed to the front with their tales of coming disaster. Along with these have come a throng of munition manufacturers and armour plate makers, and explosive inventors, all of them painting the future in hues of midnight and eclipse. War luncheons are held in our leading cities, the express purpose of the speakers being to strike terror into the hearts of their hearers. The moving picture show is mobilized, and the newspapers by scare headlines help the good work along. Thousands of innocent people have been frightened, but other thousands of us refuse to be alarmed. We know the trick too well to be imposed upon. That is the way militarists have worked on Europe for the last forty years.

They have played constantly on people's fears. The time has come when men must be sensible, and look facts squarely in the face, and break up this foolery which has shattered the world.

Armed peace is fatal because it plays into the hands of five men, who, because of the structure of modern society, are capable of immeasurable mischief. The first of these is the military and naval expert. Modern armies are large. Large armies demand a multitude of officers. We have recently been informed that for every million men there must be thirty-five thousand officers. These officers are vigorous and virile men in the prime of life. They are well dressed, well educated, and many of them are men of fine character and noble sentiments. But in every company of thirty-five thousand men, will be found a certain per cent. of materialists, men who have the ideals of Alexander and Napoleon, and who love war for the opportunity which it brings for promotion, and also for the chance it gives to achieve renown. This type of officer is found in every country. He is ambitious. He wants to show the world what he can do.

He is impatient. The *ennui* of peace is irksome to him. He is on the lookout for perils and he sees them in all directions. He puts his ideas into books, magazine articles, speeches. This man must be reckoned with. He is one of the dangerous men of our modern world. He looks at everything through the bore of a gun. He and his companions talk constantly of conjectural campaigns. They form a war party. You cannot have a great army without having a war party. The war party in Prussia, of which we have heard so much, is not a unique phenomenon. There is a war party in every country which supports a large standing army. As Mr. J. J. Hill has said, "specialists may be dangerous, for their knowledge is likely to be confined principally to their specialty. They may be like the doctor who could cure only fits, and who, when a patient was brought to him suffering from another ailment, said: "I can't do anything for this man unless you can manage to get him to have a fit. If he has a fit, I can cure it." A military officer has no chance of showing his skill except in war; unless the nation has a fit he cannot cure it. These army

and navy officers cannot be prevented writing and talking. No government has ever found a way to muzzle them. It would be more difficult to close their mouths in our country than in any other. Only a few months ago a Rear Admiral of the United States Navy, in a speech in New York City, said this: "A hundred years from now we shall either be obliterated as a nation, or we shall occupy the entire North American world segment. The former is inconceivable, the latter may be nearer than we think." Such talk is harmless so long as we are unprepared to wage a successful war against Great Britain, but give us a great standing army, and all such stupid remarks will fall like flakes of fire into the Canadian heart. It is impossible to have a great body of military officers without numbering among them a good many fools. The fools become dangerous only when you give them access to a great machine geared up for slaughter.

The second man who has new cubits added to his stature by military preparedness is the war trader. Because modern armies and navies are colossal, the cost of their upkeep is enormous. Everything

must be bought in immense quantities. There must be thousands of tons of powder, and millions of rifles, and tens of millions of shells. These are only a few things which the army and navy must have. A vast army of workers must devote their lives to supplying the constantly widening needs of the military and naval establishments. Implements of the latest pattern must be bought, no matter how expensive. Contracts involving millions must often be signed in secret. Huge plants must be established involving vast investment of capital, and this capital must earn an income straight through the years. Costly machinery cannot be allowed to stand idle. Hundreds of thousands of mechanics must not be thrown out of work. The demands for new ships and new guns and new fortifications must not be allowed to flag. The war traders must therefore have their lobbies at the door of every national Parliament. Legislators must be stimulated if they are to rise to a proper degree of patriotic fervor. To awaken their hearts a war scare now and then is indispensable. With army and navy leagues and with newspapers of the baser sort,

war scares are the most common of all manufactured products. The methods adopted by the war traders in Europe have been exposed in the German Reichstag by Karl Liebknecht, and in the British Parliament by Philip Snowden, in the United States Congress by Clyde H. Tavenner. The war trader is one of the most cunning and tireless and influential men of our modern world. His power is felt everywhere. Without him the European war would not have been. The larger the army and navy budgets the greater becomes the greed of the war trader. Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered. Where the melon is the juiciest and the largest, will assemble a company most eager to cut it. It is not by chance that navy leagues are especially popular among men whose income is dependent on the dividends of a steel trust. The policy of preparedness ties a nation hand and foot and lays it at the feet of the war traders. Wherever preparedness flourishes there springs up a crop of Krupps.

The third man whose right arm is strengthened by the policy of Preparedness is the unscrupulous newspaper pro-

prietor. He is found in all countries, and nowhere is he capable of such enormous mischief as in countries bountifully supplied with explosives. He becomes readily the servant of the war traders, managing the war scares and keeping the commodores and colonels on the front page of his paper. By means of lying rumours and idle gossip and scare headlines and embittering editorials he can create in masses of men the feelings out of which war comes. You cannot understand the war in Europe without consulting the files of certain Russian, German, French, and British papers covering the last ten years. Without the unscrupulous editor the present war would not have been.

There is a fourth man also potent in mischief, the Jingo Politician. He works his way in every country into the seats of power. Every national assembly has at least a few hot-heads. No way has been devised for their elimination. They burn with patriotism. They are all mouth. What they say has no influence on men who know them, but their words are promptly cabled to foreign capitals. They are manufacturers of ill-will. The more critical

the hour, the more wildly do they talk. Their talk becomes dangerous in proportion to the gunpowder piled round them. When the guns are all in their place, and the gunners are ready, then even the words of an ass become charged with power.

One more man must be included, the commercial promoter. He is the man who rushes into foreign countries for the purpose of making fortunes for the men he represents. He seeks concessions. He stakes out zones of influence. He gathers into his hands gold mines and copper mines and oil wells. He leases or builds railroads. He comes into conflict with the government of the country he is exploiting. He prefers a government which is belated and a country which is backward. At the first encroachment of his alleged rights he shouts for military interference. He will safeguard his money by the blood of the sons of other men. Investments are to him more sacred than human life, and a government exists primarily for the defence of the capitalists who are risking their money in bold enterprises in foreign lands. The more guns at his back, the

more audacious and reckless this exploiter becomes. It was this man who assisted in kindling the European conflagration.

These five men—the ambitious military expert, the greedy war trader, the unscrupulous newspaper proprietor, the hot-headed politician, and the pushing commercial promoter—are the five men whom we must never permit to drop out of sight. They are the five fingers of the hand which is today crushing the world. To break the power of that hand is the task of the twentieth century. Military preparedness on a great scale must invariably lead to war, because it plays inevitably into the hands of these five men. These five men cannot be killed, exiled, chained, or gagged. They are here, and they are here to stay. Our only safety lies in keeping deadly weapons out of their reach. They are dangerous only when you pile up the guns around them. Once construct your war machine, and these five men, no matter what you say or wish or do, can start it. They form an oligarchy of hell from whose clutches there is no escape, when once you have signed the creed of militarism. There is no security for mankind until the policy

of armed peace is shattered. Like an octopus, it has for years held Europe in its devilish tentacles, and now in the midst of the war, it is endeavouring to capture us. Let us beware of it!

We are asked to prepare, not for war, but against war. That is precisely what European nations did. Behold the outcome. All the nations are fighting in self-defence, and the battle is as costly in blood and treasure as though each nation fought for aggression. It is amazing how easily men can be duped by a phrase. They think they can change a situation by altering a preposition. What difference does it make whether you prepare for war or against war? Make out a list of the weapons necessary for a nation preparing for war, and then make out another list of the weapons indispensable for a nation preparing against war, and you will find that the two lists are identical. All the military experts and war traders can truthfully say that they desire preparedness simply for defence. The army and navy budgets are not cut down one iota.

It is said that we must prepare for every contingency. But those who say that do

not know what they are saying. It is impossible for any man or any nation to prepare to meet every contingency. The contingencies are billions and trillions in number, and no sensible man will care to provide for them. When you begin to deal with contingencies you are going into a morass which will eventually swallow you up. The United States cannot prepare itself to meet every possibility. We might build a navy sufficient to meet Germany's, and we might, if we were fools, build a navy to match that of Great Britain. But it is possible that Great Britain and Japan might make war on us at the same time, and it is possible that France might join them, and it is possible that Russia might come in too. These four nations are united against Germany, why is it not possible for them to unite against us? We live in an age of leagues and alliances, and if we arm for every contingency then we must have an army and a navy sufficient to meet the combined world. All the talk about preparing for every contingency is twaddle.

Even if it were possible for us to prepare to meet every possible foe, it would not be rational to make the effort. A man

shapes his life not by possibilities but by probabilities. If he crosses the street he may be run over and killed. If he stays on the sidewalk he may be bitten by a mad dog, or stabbed by a crazy man, or have his head crushed by a stone falling on him from the cornice. It is not probable that these things will happen, and so he goes unconcernedly on his way. If he should begin to protect himself against all the possible dangers he can think of, clothing himself with armour, covering his head with a helmet, hiding his eyes behind plate glass, his neighbours would know that he had lost his wits. Just so, you may be certain that a nation has become insane when it begins to talk about arming itself against every contingency. It is right at this point that the militarist deceives even some of the elect. He adroitly leaves the realm of reason and sets up business in the realm of the fancy. He imagines all sorts of national enemies, he pictures all kinds of alarming situations, he sees millions of armed men landing on our shores, and by these lurid pictures of the fancy he scares himself and many of his neighbours. What we must do is to bring him out of this land

of enchantment, and compel him to talk like a reasonable man. We might first of all ask him what he would do in certain contingencies. For instance, what would he do if a comet swished its poisonous tail in his face, what would his city do if a meteor a mile in diameter fell on it, what would the nation do if one of the stars grazed it and rubbed off a large part of the population? It is not difficult to conjure up situations quite embarrassing and even distressing. Before we shiver at the sight of armed men looting our cities, we must first study carefully the probabilities of those soldiers coming. We must convince ourselves first of all of the likelihood of their coming. We must see good reasons why they are likely to come, and if there is no probability of their coming, then we are making much ado about nothing. If Germany is not coming then all the ambitious schemes for multiplying our dreadnoughts and battalions are foolish, but if Germany is likely to come, then all the plans thus far urged by the present administration are futile. Come out, Mr. Militarist, from the dim land of dreams, and let us deal with solid and concrete

facts. Give us the reasons for thinking that in all probability foreign nations are going to rob us of our treasures and trample us into the dust. Prove to us that we are in imminent danger, and we will listen to your ideas on Preparedness.

It is assumed by many that since we are a peaceable people, we can increase our armament without risk. "We do not want war," says the advocate of big armies and navies, "and therefore we have no fear of militarism in this country." But the peoples of Europe are also peaceable in disposition, fully as peace-loving as we are. And yet they are fighting. Because we say we do not want war, it does not follow that war will not come. Nations as well as individuals get not what they desire but what they deserve. No man wants delirium tremens. He simply wants to drink. He says, "Give me another glass. I do not want delirium tremens. Fill up the glass again. I do not want delirium tremens. Fill up the glass once more, I do not want delirium tremens. Let me drink all night, and then all day, but I do not want delirium tremens." He gets at last what he deserves and not what he wants. A nation

may say: "I do not want war, but cover the land with soldiers. I do not want war, but cover the sea with battleships. I do not want war, but fill the air with bomb-dropping aëroplanes." And when this is done war comes, no matter what the nation wants. We are under the law of seed growth. We get what we prepare for, we reap what we sow. If we sow bayonets we reap battles, if we sow guns we reap death. If we sow to the flesh we reap corruption. We may chatter about our good intentions, and our peaceable disposition, but if we go on multiplying the instruments of slaughter, He that sits in the heavens laughs, He holds us in derision.

Military efficiency is a curse. A nation in arms is a nuisance. Strategic railroads to a neighbour's frontiers are an insult and a menace. Compulsory military service is a form of tyranny which ought to be stoutly resisted by all men who value human dignity and freedom. A nation which boasts that it trains all the boys to shoot has the Pequot idea of national life. All savage tribes train their youth in the art of killing men. It is said that for over a century we Americans have been living in

a fool's Paradise. What sort of a Paradise have Europeans been living in?

A vociferous and determined crowd are just now insisting upon our Republic adopting the policy which has brought Europe to ruin. A system of international life has collapsed on the other side of the Atlantic, and honourable Americans are now saying—Let us set up the same system here. An experiment tried by European nations has plunged those nations into an abyss, and intelligent Americans now ask us to try the same experiment in our Western world.

Our government has thus far failed to grasp the greatest opportunity ever offered to a nation. It has appointed a committee of twenty-three scientific experts, to devise more deadly weapons. O the pity of it! that the greatest Republic on earth, should at the most awful crisis in the history of mankind, find nothing better to do than to select twenty-three men to devise methods of whetting the sword to a still keener edge! The Administration has thus far suggested no methods of increasing our political preparedness, or

our social preparedness, or our moral preparedness. Its only suggestion is a plan of military preparedness involving additional billions of dollars. No commissions have been appointed to take up with commissions to be appointed by other governments, the question of the Philippines, the question of Asiatic immigration, the question of the Monroe Doctrine, nor has any step been taken looking to the defining of the authority of our national government over aliens in the various states. The real perils are all neglected, and attention is fixed on hypothetical enemies and conjectural dangers. Recent Secretaries of the Army and Navy have called attention to the reckless squandering of millions in both these departments, and the Administration has done little more than suggest the appropriation of additional millions.

The time has come for the organization of the world. Why does not the government of the United States lead the way? Why does it not boldly take up the most urgent work that needs to be done, and call to its side as many nations as are willing to come, and pour its immense energy into

an enterprise of constructive statesmanship that will bless a thousand generations?

I have read the recommendations of our President with sorrow and disappointment. He calls for hundreds of millions of dollars for defence. He wants more rifles, more machine guns, more battleships. If I could speak to him I should say: "Not now, Mr. President, not now! You are a Christian man, a member of the church of Jesus Christ, and this is not a fitting thing for you to say at a time like this. The world is desperately poor. Tens of thousands of human beings are on the verge of starvation, thousands will starve to death before the summer comes. This is not the time, Mr. President, for us to use our money in the making of more guns. The world is poor in hope. The hearts of men are despondent. Never has mankind been so shattered in faith as now. The future looms dark and portentous. Humanity looks for a leader. With all its fears and with all its hopes for future years, it hangs upon our action. Nothing can be so disheartening at a time like this than for the head of a great Republic to recommend

the continuation of a policy which has overwhelmed a continent with disaster.

If we have four hundred millions of dollars to spend on national defence, let us spend it on the line of defence which is surest to give us protection. Let us spend it in building up friendship. Friendship is the mightiest of all bulwarks. Where friendship is strong, neither a navy nor coast defences, nor a mobile army is needed. Militarism recommends three lines of defence, and they are all made of cardboard, compared with the defence built of hearts filled with goodwill. Mr. President, why not spend our money in cultivating kindly feelings? We once gave back to China the sum of seven million five hundred thousand dollars. The great Empire of the Orient had been so often trampled on by the unscrupulous governments of Christendom that our act made a profound and imperishable impression. That act of justice to China did more to secure us against any possible infringement of our rights at the hands of that Empire, than all the dreadnoughts that we are able to launch on the Pacific. Why not, Mr. President, in this horrible time, do a beau-

tiful thing? You are a Christian, and forty millions of Christians stand behind you. Why not ask Congress to vote to each of the nations now at war a gift equal to the cost of a dreadnought (about twenty million dollars), for the erection of orphanages, and hospitals, and asylums, and schools, and another gift to each of these nations equal to the cost of a battle cruiser (nearly twenty million dollars), for an endowment of the institutions which our money has built? If we spend our four hundred million dollars on battleships and cruisers, they will be a burden and a menace for a little while, and at the end of twenty years, they will be on the scrap heap. But if we scatter all over Europe endowed orphanages, and hospitals, and asylums, and schools, they will stand there forever as the imperishable monuments of a great Republic's love!

LECTURE V

THE INDISPENSABLENESS OF RELIGION

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THE INDISPENSABLENESS OF RELIGION

WHEN the war burst on Europe, we were at first dazed, stunned, stupified. Recovering somewhat from the paralyzing shock, we began to ask questions: Why did Christianity not prevent this? What is the matter with Christianity that it did not save us from this? Where is the Christian Church? What has the Church been doing? Of what value to the world is the Church if it is impotent in such a crisis? And while we Christians were pondering these questions, the man in the street grew sarcastic and abusive. He jeered at the Church, and declared it had done nothing. He held Christianity up to scorn as a pretentious religion that had failed. Magazine writers of the shallow sort began to write about the Disgrace of Christianity, the Failure of Christianity, the Bankruptcy of Christianity,

the Passing of Christianity, and newspaper reporters of the virulent type jumped upon the Church, and caricatured it, and lampooned it, and cudgeled it, and mauled it, to the amusement and gratification of a large company of the jocose and unbelieving. Where is Christianity? was a question propounded with an intonation which carried in it a derisive and final answer. Some were so bold as to declare that Christianity had accomplished nothing whatever by its labours extending through two thousand years, and others dared to assert that Christianity has been an incumbrance, and must be held in part responsible for this world-shattering catastrophe. In many circles of cultivated men and women the Church was roundly condemned for its inability to save the world from this immeasurable and unimaginable disaster.

Is it not strange that nothing was said in condemnation of science? Science is the miracle worker of the modern world. Ours has been proudly called an Age of Science. No one has ever ventured to call it an Age of Religion. The lights of religion have been burning low, these many years. Religion has been speaking apolo-

getically and with timorous lips, whereas Science has blown a thrilling blast through silver trumpets around the world. Is it not strange that no one criticized Science for its failure to rescue humanity in the hour of its need?

Why did not men rail at Philosophy? She has her spacious temples, and her vast company of ministering priests and acolytes, and she holds in her hands the garnered wisdom of the ages. Is it not singular that Philosophy was not condemned for its failure to save mankind from its awful doom?

Why was nothing said against Art? It is the business of art to create things beautiful and to make war upon all that is ugly and deformed and revolting. She spreads loveliness on the canvas and sows the wide air with musical notes, and releases beauty from blocks of granite and marble, and throws syllables and words into combinations which fall upon the eyes of the mind like a sunbeam and upon the mind's ears like a song. Where was art that when this hideous thing called war leaped upon the earth, she was unable to push it back into the pit?

Why was no accusation launched against Education? Europe is dotted with universities. They have their learned faculties and their tens of thousands of students and their hundreds of thousands of alumni all baptized into the name of the higher learning, and if it be true that knowledge is power, is it not singular that this power was not used in preventing a continent from plunging into the abyss?

Why was not statesmanship more severely arraigned? The guidance of European affairs was not in the hands of the ministers of religion, but in the hands of the diplomats and ministers of state. These lofty and able gentlemen were driving the state chariots along a boulevard solid and wide, and all at once a half dozen of them plunged down an embankment into a river of blood. Is it not amazing that statesmanship was not held strictly accountable for this heartbreaking disaster?

Why did no one cudgel Reason? Why should Religion be trounced, and Reason go free? This is a reasoned war. It was not gotten up on the spur of the moment. It is not a child of impulse. All these instruments of slaughter were cunningly and

carefully devised in the long, quiet years of peace. The campaigns now carried on along the Eastern and Western fronts move along lines nicely calculated years ago by the men whose business it is to conduct war. The whole apparatus of the war is a nicely articulated piece of mechanism, every part conceived and fashioned in the laboratory of the human brain, and all the parts put together by the organizing talent of the mind. Armed peace is a reasoned philosophy, and this war is the conclusion in a syllogism whose premises were carefully thought out. It is quite surprising that no one was found ready to jeer or sneer at Reason. If you should have picked out of the imbecile asylums of Europe a thousand of the most degenerate of the idots, and placed these in charge of European affairs, they could not have gotten Europe into a more deplorable mess than that in which it now is. Why did not the world stand up and scoff at Reason?

I am glad that when the crisis came, everybody turned to Religion. What a glorious tribute that was to the dignity and worth of Religion. When the sun went

out and the stars all died and thick darkness fell on the face of the earth, mankind did not turn to science or philosophy or art or education or statesmanship, but in distress it turned its face toward Religion, saying reproachfully: "I had hoped that you were the one who was to redeem the world." In a terrific storm on the darkest night of human history, mankind chiding Religion, is a scene which will never fade. The world knows instinctively that neither science nor philosophy nor art holds in its hands the destiny of mankind. Salvation must come, if it comes at all, through Religion.

Here also was a revealing confession. On ordinary days when the sun is shining and men perform their customary tasks, the world seems indifferent to religion, but when in August, 1914, deep began to call unto deep, and all the waves and the billows of a wild ocean rolled over the world's heart, that heart panted for God. It cried out for God, the living God!

The fact that the most highly civilized part of the world has plunged into a cauldron of tears and blood is proof positive that some of the gods we have been wor-

shipping lack the power we have been wont to ascribe to them.

Science has been one of our gods. We have long spelled it with a capital S. To millions it has become a sufficient creed, to tens of thousands it has been a religion. Men of high distinction have publicly declared that science sufficiently ministers to all the needs of the soul, and that the man of the future is not going to seek inspiration and guidance in the religion of the man of Galilee, but rather in the facts and forces and laws revealed by scientific investigation. Auguste Comte spoke for a large company when he said that the time had arrived when we could escort God to the frontier of his universe and politely bow him out, thanking him for his provisional services. In the ages of old when men were ignorant, and had not amassed a sufficient stock of scientific knowledge, the idea of God was wholesome and even necessary, but in the future men will not rely on the doctrines and consolations of religion, but will look in all things to science alone.

For years men have been saying that Science was going to put an end to war.

She would whet the sword to such a frightful keenness that men would be afraid to use it. She would devise machinery of such terrific destructiveness that nations would make war no more. But now we know better. Science cannot end war. Science has raised war to a higher power. Science has given war a new dimension, a new swiftness, a new cruelty, and a new ferocity. Science, like an infernal Santa Claus, came down the chimney of the nineteenth century with a huge bag full of new toys. He took them out and laid them down before the wondering eyes of men. There they were: the dreadnought, the torpedo boat, the torpedo boat destroyer, the submarine, the aëroplane, the Zeppelin, the howitzer, the machine gun, the hand grenade, the shrapnel, the torpedo. "Take these," he said, "and use them. With these you can tear men's legs off and their arms off, and you can tear women and little children into bleeding shreds of quivering flesh, and you can drown a thousand men in a minute, and shoot down ten thousand men in an hour. Take these," he said; and the nations took them and now are using them, and we see more distinctly

than ever what science really is. Science is a wizard in the kingdom of matter. She is a magician in the realm of mechanism. She is a miracle worker in the domain of machinery. She is a wonder worker with apparatus, but she is impotent in the empire of the soul. She does not mould. She has no power to change the spirit. She is devoid of heart. She has no pity, no compassion, no tenderness, no sympathy, no love. This is a scientific war—the first war in history which science has fully equipped. The mathematician and the biologist and the electrical engineer and the physicist and the chemist have all contributed ingredients to form this hell-broth which is now bubbling over the rim of the cauldron and scalding the world. We now know that science does not have the words of life: we must look for another.

Another of our modern gods is commerce. We have spelled it commonly with a capital C. We have gazed upon her operations with awestruck hearts, and have acclaimed her as a saviour of mankind. She has indeed covered the earth with her mighty works. She has banded the continents with rails of steel, and covered the

seas with her merchant ships. She has tied the continents and islands together by electric wires, and the capitals of the world with golden chains. With her gold and her power she has mightily impressed the imagination of men, and has been looked up to as an omnipotent saviour. We have been assured that commerce would kill war. War deranges and demoralizes the normal ongoings of trade, and the merchant princes will never, we were confidently assured, permit war to upset the foundations of their prosperity.

And now we know better what commerce can do. Whatever else it may be able to accomplish, it cannot end war. It multiplies the points of friction. It whets the appetite of covetousness to a keener edge. It sets men to dreaming of new markets, and creates a hunger for trade which the wide world is insufficient to satisfy. Under the inspiration of the commercial spirit, kingdoms and republics and empires scramble after spheres of influence, and fall into frenzied schemes of carving up continents which are belated. Commerce cannot end war. She sows the seeds of new wars. Her great word is to Get. The pas-

sion of getting will never save mankind. Religion's great word is Give. So long as men live to get rather than to give, just so long will the earth be deluged at intervals with blood. Commerce is not the saviour of the world, because commerce does not change the temper of the heart. We must look for another.

Another of our proud deliverers is Progress. We have spelled the word with a capital P, and have made it a cardinal word in our vocabulary. For a generation we have been boasting hilariously of our marvellous progress. By many Progress has been deified, and looking to Progress has been their only religion. Progress has been given credit for the blessings and victories of the Past, and out of his bountiful hands streams of blessings will continue to flow. But at the very time when the bands were playing the loudest and men were filling the air with hosannahs, the chariot of progress went over a precipice, and we now see that what is called Progress can never save. Progress in material things we have certainly made. Our methods of transit are superior to those which our fathers knew, and so are our methods of illumina-

tion, and our methods of communication, and our methods of manufacturing. In the realm of the physical we have gone forward, but in the kingdom of the heart we have failed. Progress is going forward, but going forward is not a good thing if we are going toward the brink of a chasm. Progress is getting up, but getting up is not a blessing if we get up only to fall. The higher we climb, the more disastrous the fall, if we are not fitted to maintain our footing on the slippery ledges of the upper heights. True progress is not getting on or getting up, it is getting in. It is getting deeper and deeper into the heart. That is where God is. Progress is increasing union with God. Men have said that progress would leave war behind. War, they said, is a relic of barbarism, and the progress of the race will some day sweep us beyond it. But progress in material prosperity and in physical processes and in earthly splendour and power will never sweep us beyond war. We must make progress in love, and love is religion. We have gotten on and we have gotten up, but we have not gotten into the core of life, and so we today find ourselves in the outer

darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Law is another of the discredited gods. For years we have relied on law as a trustworthy saviour. We have used a capital L, and have spoken of law as though with law all things were possible. In our cities and commonwealths we have multiplied the regulations, in season and out of season, feeling that we could force our way into the golden age by legal enactments. Whenever anything has gone wrong, or when we have deserved a blessing which we did not have, we have rushed to the Legislature or to the National Congress, importuning our representatives to add a new statute to the statute book. Many of the peacemakers have felt that our only deliverance from war must come through law. It is by law that the interests of nations must be safeguarded, and by law and law alone can international justice be secured. And so for a score of years the nations have busied themselves in signing treaties, one of the prime objects of every treaty being the safeguarding of the peace of the world. Twice at The Hague representatives of the leading nations of the

world assembled to discuss those things which belong to the world's peace. Numerous conventions were agreed upon, and officially signed, and it was felt that the world had passed into a new age. A palace of peace was erected in the Dutch capital, and to this palace each of the nations of Europe made beautiful and generous contributions. Men said in their enthusiasm, if we can only sign treaties enough and agree upon the right kind of convention, and set up an international tribunal, and fix the eyes of the world upon a Palace of Peace, then men will beat their swords into ploughshares and nations shall learn war no more. But the war has demonstrated to all the world the absolute impotency of law. Treaties are only scraps of paper unless in men's hearts there is the spirit of righteousness. Conventions are torn into tatters and trampled under foot by men who do not have the fear of God before their eyes. What a spectacle that is: The beautiful Palace of Peace, its doors closed, while all round it rise the swelling tides of blood. It tells trumpet-tongued to all the world the impotency of law. Mankind cannot be saved by legisla-

tion. The supreme need of the world is not a new code but a new heart. The law comes by Moses, but grace and truth come through Jesus Christ.

There is still another saviour to whom more, perhaps, have looked than have looked to any other—Education. We have spelled it with a capital E, and our veneration for it has passed almost into idolatry. Nowhere has the passion for education been so fierce as in our own country. Nowhere have men poured out their money for schools and colleges with such amazing generosity as here. Knowledge is power, we have kept saying to ourselves, without knowledge democracy cannot exist and religion sinks into superstition. The only institutions in Europe which have won and held our enthusiastic admiration are their universities. And what universities they are: venerable, illustrious, mighty. Their faculties contain the majority of the most learned men on earth. They have great libraries, priceless art collections, and wonderful laboratories. For a hundred years American students have been going in increasing numbers to Europe to complete their education. Europe

has been conceded to be the home of learning, the storehouse of erudition, the fountain of intellectual culture.

And never have the European universities been so well equipped and never have they done such splendid work as within the last century. Never has the pursuit of knowledge been carried on with such indomitable industry and flaming zeal. Men have ransacked the whole wide world in search of facts, and the heavens, too. They have thrown the universe into a crucible and melted it, and compelled it to give up its secrets. Never has education had such eyes, such ears, such fingers, for finding out the facts and processes and laws of nature.

And right in the midst of this triumph of the intellect, this feast of knowledge, this coronation of learning, came the war. All at once it was flashed upon the world that knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. For the first time, perhaps, we fully realized that while knowledge is power, it is not powerful enough to save the world. Knowledge puffs up, what we most need is something which will build up.

Men have proudly asserted that knowl-

edge will abolish war. The only reason nations fight is because they are ignorant. Teach men that war is foolish, stupid, insane. Show them that it is horrible, wicked, devilish, and war will cease. You might as well say, teach men that lust and gambling and drink are all foolish and destructive, and then they will be vicious no more. Teach men that stealing and murder and lying are not right, and then all those sins will pass away. What the world most needs is not an informed intellect but a renewed heart.

Look at the universities of Europe, venerable, mystic, noble, standing helpless, silent, doleful in the vast red field of carnage, and let them tell you of the futility of the higher learning that does not know the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the prayer which education needs to pray: "So teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom." And what is wisdom? The fear of the Lord is the beginning of it. To fear God and keep his commandments, this is the whole duty of man.

Here then we find ourselves facing five

impressive and luminous facts: Science cannot kill war for science has not the new heart, and whets the sword to a sharper edge. Commerce cannot kill war, for commerce lacks the new heart, and lifts the hunger of covetousness to a higher pitch. Progress cannot kill war, for progress has no heart at all, and progress in wrong directions leads us into bottomless quagmires in which we are swallowed up. Law cannot kill war, for law is nothing but a willow withe tied round the arms of humanity, and human nature when aroused snaps all the withes asunder and carries off the gates of Gaza. Education cannot end war, and if by education you mean the sharpening of the intellect, the drawing out of the powers of the mind, the mastering of formulas and laws and dates and facts, education may only fit men to become tenfold more masterful in the awful art of slaughter. Who will end war? The world has had three historic scourges: famine, pestilence, and war. Each one numbers its victims by the tens of millions. Commerce killed famine. By her railroads and steamships she killed it. It lies like a dead snake by the side of the road along

which humanity has marched up to the present day. Science killed pestilence. The Black Plague, the Bubonic Plague, Cholera, Smallpox, Yellow Fever,—all have received their death blow. Science did the work. These foes of mankind lie bleeding and half dead by the side of the road along which the world presses on to a higher day. Who will kill war? Not Commerce and not Science, nor both of them together. Only Religion can kill war, for religion alone creates the new heart. Without religion we are without hope in this world. Without God we are lost.

The war is helping us to see the difference between the Church and Religion. They are sometimes identified, and the faults of the Church are laid at the door of Religion. But Religion is one thing and the Church is another thing. Europe has been abundantly supplied with church; what she lacks is religion. She has had for a century enough Cardinals and Patriarchs and Archbishops and Bishops and Priests and Pastors. She has been deficient only in Religion. She has had worship enough. The ritual has been elaborate and complete. She has sung and prayed

enough, she has failed in not being sufficiently religious. She has had true religion and undefiled in thousands of her homes and in tens of thousands of individual hearts, but she has not had enough religion in her chancellories, in her council-chambers, in her parliaments, in these high places where you find the seats of the mighty. Europe is today at war primarily because she is irreligious.

What is it to be religious? A holy man of old once gave an answer to the question: "It is to do justice and love mercy and to walk humbly before God." Another holy man of early times propounded the question: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and who shall stand in the holy place?" and his answer was: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." The nations of Europe have said their prayers, but their hands have not been clean, and their hearts have not been pure. They were not permitted to ascend into the hill of the Lord. They are writhing in the accursed valley of Hinnon. The mightiest of the holy and the holiest of the mighty once defined religion thus: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,

and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." Later on he condensed it into a shorter form: "Love one another even as I have loved you." Jesus always made a distinction between worship and religion. Go learn what this means, he said to the religious leaders of his day: "I desire mercy and not sacrifice." I desire a beautiful disposition, and not an elaborate piece of ritual. Europe has been rich in ritual, but poor in religion. Jesus was always talking about the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He put brotherhood above worship. If, when you are on your way to worship, you remember that your brother has anything against you, then stop and turn round, and go in search of your brother, and when you have made everything all right with him, you may proceed with your worship. Europe has been faithful in worship but unfaithful in brotherhood. The Teuton did not love the Slav, and the Slav had no liking for the Teuton. The German made no effort to love the Frenchman as Christ loved him, nor did the Frenchman cultivate his love for the German. Europe is

richer in everything else than in religion. Jesus says: "Do not try to dominate one another, but serve one another. I have given you an example." Europe has refused to follow the example. She is rich in money, in art, in learning, but she is poor in religion. The innermost soul of the Christian religion breathes through the words of the greatest of the apostles: "Be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Europe refused to allow this spirit to breathe through her diplomacy, and so she is torn by the war tempest.

If this, then, is religion, the Church knows what she is called to do. It is her work to help men be religious in thought and feeling, in deed and life, in their own deed and life and in the deed and life of their nation, and thus in the life and deed of the nations. The supreme task of the Church in the twentieth century is to bring religion into International life. It is for the leaders of the Christian Church to do what they can to baptize international policy into the name of Jesus. The question of national armaments is a religious ques-

tion. It is also an economic question, a sociological question, and a political question, but fundamentally it is a religious question. Any question is religious which involves the glory of God, the welfare of men, and the responsibilities of men in the use of their money and in their attitude to men of other countries than their own.

It has always been the habit of men of the world to attempt to beat the ministers of religion down out of the field in which they could make themselves count in shaping the conduct and policies of men. All the demons resent interference. "Leave us alone"—cried two demonized men to Jesus of Nazareth when he proceeded to enter their territory, and that is the cry which has greeted the forward moving ministers of Jesus in each succeeding generation. "Keep your hands off business" has been the cry of the hard-headed men of business whose only creed is "Business is business," and who have rushed madly on in their money-making career, and whenever the pulpit has heeded the cry the offence of the business world against the laws of righteousness has become rank and smelled to heaven. "Keep out of poli-

tics" has been the cry of all the politicians, as they have pushed ahead their political schemes, and wherever the pulpit has let politics alone the civic life of the community has become rotten. "Attend to your own business, gentlemen of the cloth," this has been the cry of all the rum-sellers and whore-mongers, and those who love and make a lie, from the days of the apostles to our own. The slave oligarchy hurled hot rebuke upon those impertinent Northern clergymen who ventured to denounce the sin of slavery. It is not surprising that the militarist oligarchy is stirred to wrath by the clergymen who venture to form and proclaim convictions on the subject of military preparedness.

But if Christian ministers do not speak out on the attitude and policy of nations who is going to speak? Europe furnishes us an appalling warning of what to expect if the leaders of the Christian Church fall dumb. The ministers of Christ in Europe are as a rule servants of the State, and being salaried officials of the State they are not at liberty to sit in judgment on policies formed by other servants of the crown. How many Russian Priests have within

half a century cried out against the military policy of their Empire? What influence have the priests in Italy, France, or Belgium exerted on the military programme of those countries. The Lutheran pastors have performed faithfully their parochial duties, but the affairs of State have been left in the hands of men who have been largely ignorant of the spirit and the ways of Christ. But nations must be guided. Empires and Republics must be taught. If Christian ministers do not offer themselves as guides of the people in the realm of international conduct, then other teachers will arise who will stamp upon the national mind their own ideas, and lead the nation into ways into which it should not go. When the servant of Christ is silent, then Machiavelli speaks. When the apostle of Christ abdicates, then Frederick the Great takes his place. When the ministers of religion refuse to talk on international relations, then Scharnhorst and Clauzewitz come to the front. When Peter and John and James have nothing to say then Treitschke and Nietzsche become eloquent. When ministers spend their life writing books on theology, then Edel-

sheim and Bernhardi flood the world with their books.

If in this country the ministers and laymen of our churches do not know anything about international problems and do not care to know anything, and confine themselves to the personal duties of the individual soul, then a crowd of Rear-Admirals and Captains, of Generals and Colonels, of munition makers and powder inventors, will do the work which the preachers fail to do. These men are not tongue-tied or diffident. They speak often and they speak loud. They set themselves up as ordained instructors of the youth of the nation, and unless their influence is controverted by stronger and wiser men, they will mould the public mind to their will. If the Church has nothing to say on national policy, then the Navy League and the Army League and the Security League will plant seeds which may bring forth harvests of calamity and death. The Christian Church must come quickly to the front, and open its mouth boldly to proclaim the principles and standards of the Son of God.

If some one suggests that these national problems are for experts only, and that all

questions of defence must be left with the army and navy specialists, the answer is that this is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and we do not allow experts of any sort to dictate to us how we shall spend our money, and what our attitude to other nations shall be. The specialist has his place, and we cannot get on without him. We need his advice on questions of detail. The military expert knows a thousand things which the rest of us do not know, and we are glad he knows these things, and his knowledge is an asset of the nation's. He knows the resisting power of steel, the range and force of guns, the possibilities of a torpedo. He can calculate the curve of a projectile, and the destructive power of a battery of guns. He knows the construction of a dreadnought, or of a submarine, or of an aëroplane. But why should this man speak with authority on the attitude of the nation, or on the policy which it should adopt. Military experts are not statesmen, much less are they seers. They may know various points about the making of a bullet or the firing of a gun, and be totally unfitted to form a judgment concerning the

best way of rendering a nation's honour and interests secure.

In the middle ages there was a hierarchy of experts, ecclesiastical specialists, who set themselves up as the sole rulers of mankind. They denied to the common people the right to read the Bible. It was necessary that the Bible be read and interpreted by the hierarchy alone. They denied to the people the right to think. All the thinking which it was safe to think was done by the hierarchy, and its conclusions, when announced to the people, had to be accepted. But in the fulness of time, after centuries of friction and irritation and protest, the common sense of Northern Europe rose in protest against the intolerable tyranny, and the power of the hierarchy was forever broken. When the people began to read the Bible and to think for themselves the world passed into a new era of light and life and hope.

The world is today plagued and lorded over by a military oligarchy as insolent and tyrannical and dangerous as any which humanity has ever known. This oligarchy struts to the front of the stage and says: "I will tell you how to secure

peace. You do not know. How could you know? I will tell you how to guarantee security. No one but me can find out. I will tell you how many millions, how many billions to spend. Hand your money over to me. I know better than you where it will do the most good." This is the insolent and despicable tyrant which has usurped the throne of the world, and has driven half mankind toward ruin.

And so I say, Down with the military experts! Down with them to their proper place. Take them out of the council chambers of nations and give them a place in some back room where they can work out the details of the policy which the people have agreed on. Down with the military experts! Take them out of the lobbies of Parliament and Congress. They have influenced legislation too long. Put them in a back room where they can fill in the plans whose outlines the people have drawn. Down with the military experts! Too many of them have set themselves up as the nation's teachers. They eat at the government's tables, but they spend too much time between meals in writing for the newspapers and the magazines on ques-

tions of national policy. They draw generous salaries from the national treasury for doing the work of specialists, but they spend much of their time in writing books for the education of young men who need instruction of a different sort.

Down with the military experts! They are not safe advisers of a nation. Who advised the trampling down of Belgium, the most damnable crime committed in a thousand years? Military experts. Who advised the sinking of the *Lusitania*? Naval experts. Who have for forty years advocated the policy which has led to the progressive impoverishment of nations? Military and naval experts. Who have systematically and persistently robbed the nations of their gold and their sons? Naval and military experts. And who are more responsible than any one else for hurling mankind into this cauldron of blood? Military and naval experts. They have gotten one-half the world in the ditch. They will get the other half there unless you break their power.

This then is the work of the Christian minister in the present world crisis. He must resist with every ounce of his

strength the power of the military experts. Jesus met the hierarchy of his day without flinching. His followers today must do the same. Let ministers and laymen all say: "Woe to you, military experts, blind guides. You bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne upon men's shoulders, and you do not move them with one of your fingers.

"Woe unto you, military experts, blind guides, you shut up the kingdom of God against nations, and you open up the empire of suspicion and fear and hate; nations are feeling after righteousness and peace and joy, and you block their way.

"Woe unto you, military experts, blind guides, you devour widows' houses and other women's houses, and men's houses, you devour the proceeds of industry, and the resources of nations, you devour the money which might be spent on social uplift and for the fighting of the evils which sap the life of mankind.

"Blind guides and fools, you work everlastingly on the outside of the cup and the platter and turn men's attention away from that which lies inside. You talk un-

ceasingly about the material defences, fortifications made of concrete and steel, and neglect those interior and spiritual defences without which a nation is doomed. You fix the attention upon the pieces of armour which a nation puts on the outside of its body, and neglect those interior pieces of armour, those dispositions and graces, with which a nation should clothe its soul. Woe unto you, blind guides! Woe unto you, fools and blind! Woe unto you! How can you escape the condemnation of Gehenna?"

Too long this gang of tyrants has robbed and mauled mankind, but their reign is now drawing to an end. They would have been overthown long ago had only the Christian Church gone out to attack them. For centuries the Church was handicapped by a false interpretation of the New Testament. The best men tried to get away from the world's life instead of striving to transform it. Men longed to get into some other world rather than to rebuild this one. But we are reading the New Testament with new eyes. We have caught the meaning of a neglected prayer: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done upon earth as it is

done in heaven." It is our business to establish the kingdom right here and now, of righteousness and peace and joy. We cannot do it unless we attack and overthrow the entire cohort of militarism. We have caught a fresh glimpse of what John saw. We, too, see that the city is coming down. It is to rest on the earth. We must prepare its foundations. It is going to rest on the souls of men who have been transfigured by the indwelling spirit of God. It cannot rest on howitzers and machine guns and explosives.

We have caught a new vision of Christ. We see Him with many crowns. He is the King of all the kingdoms of life. He must be enthroned in the soul, in the home, in the city, in the commonwealth, and in the nation.

But how can He be enthroned in these ampler areas of the world's life? Only by work, only by sacrifice, only by patience that is faithful unto death. Jesus reprimanded the religious teachers of His day because of their lack of energy and insight and determination. He said, the men of the world are wiser than the men who claim to be religious, because they see what they

want and then work for it. One day He said to them: "You know how to read the face of the sky, but you do not know how to read the signs of the times. You are experts in interpreting the phenomena of the upper air, but you do not know the significance of what is going on all around you." An old era was dying, a new era was being born. The flush of a new morning was in the sky. But the stupid teachers of His day saw nothing, and went on chattering about the weather and the fringes of their garments, and the number of times a man should wash his hands between meals. Look at the great war! What do you see? An era is ending. A new era is being born. Humanity is moving into a new stage of its existence. It is a glorious thing to be alive. What we think and say and do will influence all the ages yet to be. What is the supreme thing which we can do today? Speak a strong word for love. Bear witness to the truth which came into this world in more glorious form through Jesus. I see Him standing in Pilate's judgment hall. I hear Him say: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the

truth." And above Him towered the august and glittering hierarchy of the proudest military empire the world had ever known. They rose, those military chieftains, rank above rank, and there at the summit sat Tiberius Cæsar. Cæsar did not hear what Jesus said, but Pilate heard. Pilate said, "What is truth?" He did not know. At the mention of the word "truth" the Roman empire broke into cynical laughter on Pilate's lips. What is truth? Men who think of physical force and dream of physical force, and conquer by physical force, do not know what truth is. Truth fades away, and they are left in a world of guns. And there He stands, this Galilean, without a helmet, without a shield, without a sword, and all He says is this: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness to the truth." What truth? The truth that God is love, and that love conquers all things. It bears all things. It hopes all things. It endures all things. It never fails. He bore witness to that. A mailed fist nailed His naked and tender hands to the cross, but they were potent still. They lifted empires

off their hinges and turned the stream of the centuries into a new channel.

We are living in an age which idolizes physical force. The military and naval experts have succeeded in persuading the majority of men that physical force is the foundation of government, that national power can be best expressed in terms of naval tonnage, that national treasures can be most surely secured by explosives and guns. It was fifty-four years ago that Bismarck uttered his memorable words—that the great questions of state must be settled by a policy of blood and iron. And for a half century the nations have been collecting the iron and now they are furnishing the blood. The Christian who stands up to utter his Christian faith finds himself in Pilate's hall. Above him tower the august and haughty hierarchy of the military and naval experts, and when the Christian speaks, Pilate sneers. But what is the Christian to do? He can do what Jesus did, he can say what Jesus said: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I might bear witness unto the truth" that God is love, that all men are His children, that all men are po-

tentially brothers, and that the everlasting kingdom is a kingdom of goodwill.

We believe that love works in the home and in the school and in the Church and in society. We must believe that it will work in the realm of international life when once we enthrone it there. To enthrone it is a herculean task. It cannot be done except by earnest effort and long continued toil and loving sacrifice. But blessed are the peace makers, not the peace wishers or the peace dreamers or the peace theorists, but the peace makers. Today they are laughed at and derided, tomorrow they will be acclaimed as the sons of the Most High. The obstacles are many, and the heart sometimes faints, but they who persevere to the end shall be counted victors. The great French Socialist Jaurès, in a conversation with President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, discussed the prospects of peace. For years Jaurès had been working for peace, and now at last the great war came. But Jaurès was not disconcerted. His last words to President Butler were: "Do not leave off trying. No matter what the difficulties are, never leave off trying." In a few days Jaurès was

dead, but although dead he yet speaks, and often through the days and nights I can hear him pleading—"Never leave off trying!"

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that you may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." And this is the will of God that we shall all be conformed to the image of His Son, and that by patient effort we shall baptize all the nations into the spirit of goodwill, and bring the whole world into complete subjection to the gracious will of the Prince of Peace.

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